

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
Genl.

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Commis.

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THE TERRITORIAL YOUNG PEOPLE'S BAND, RECENTLY COMMISSIONED AT THE DUFFERIN GROVE CAMP MEETINGS.



Cutlets from Contemporaries.

Prospecting in the Bible.

Have You Staked Your Claim?

Men, to locate mineral wealth, go prospecting, and when it is located there is still the need of dig dig dig, in order to possess themselves of it. Here is your mine—the Bible—and you must dig. "Knowing the Bible" is but a comparative phrase, for if we were to ask the greatest of Bible students whether they know their Bibles, they would probably reply "No—the riches of Christ are unsearchable." Surely this is a mine of inexhaustible treasure, and it should lure us on to ceaseless toil.

A Soldier, in Helena Mont, toils twenty miles away from home, for he has a mine which he has named "The General Booth Mine," and he has been digging for the past twelve or fifteen years with the strongest confidence that he will come upon a pocket of gold, ultimately that will yield him an abundant reward. That which he gets is full of promises of something greater, and so he goes on in his solitude perseveringly digging.

"That which we have got is full of promise of something greater; let us dig! Never sell out; the treasure is inexhaustible."

"Buy the truth and sell it not," for these Scriptures "are a mine to make their own and eat of it," both your own and the crowd of others for you to—American Cry.

Sing!

And Prove Its Wonderful Power.

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else, know of "sing in the evening." Singing is the "sing that robins do. When they Hark!" one their daily work, when they have flown their last flight, and picked up their last morsel of food and cleaned their bills on a napkin of a lough, then on a top twig they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. They dream music, for sometimes in the night they break forth in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note, startled by their own voice. Oh that we might sing, evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through! Oh, that we could put songs under our burden! Oh, that songs would extract the seeds of sorrow by song! Then the sad things would

not poison so much. Sing in the house—teach your children to sing. When troubles come go at them with a song. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against care. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven, and among God's people on earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.—Australian Cry.

De Lawd's Wuk.

Be Sure You Do Not Shirk It.

De Lawd He hed a job for me,
But Ah'd so much to do,
Ah ast Him git somebody e'se,
Aw wait till Ah got frow,
Ah don't know how de Lawd came out.

But He seem'd to git along;
But Ah felt kind o' meakin' like,
'Kase Ah knowed Ah'd done Him wrong.

One day Ah neqd de Lawd mysef,
An' need Him right away;
He nevah answered me at all.

But Ah could see Him an' call Him,
Way down mah acusin' heath:
'Ah got too much to do,
Yo' bettah git somebody else,
Aw wait till Ah gets frow."

Now when de Lawd He hev a job,
Ah nevah tries to shirk;
Ah drops whatever Ah's on han'
An' does de good Lawd's wuk.
Mah own affairs kin run along,
Aw wait till Ah gits frow;
Nobody e'se kin do de job
De Lawd lay out for you.

Chicago's Magnitude.

The Progress of Seventy Years.

We think the country is immense when we look over the long stretches of meadows and grainfields, but the hugeness of a city expresses itself in another way.

For instance, Chicago receives and ships more cattle, calves sheep and hogs, not excluding horses, than any other city in the world, and the city is only seventy years old.

In forty years the city has handled 523,920 head of live stock, or more in number than there are inhabitants on the globe, excluding Asia and Africa.

The grain elevators of that city hold more than 58,000,000 bushels of cereals, or nearly twice as many

bushels as there are school children in the nation.

In 1906 its post office received for delivery 622,523,650 pieces of mail matter, or seven times the number of people in the United States.

The volume of money handled in business in Chicago in 1906 was \$749,481,325, or more than the entire nation was worth in 1812.

The number of people entering and leaving a certain office building in that city in one year, equals one-sixth the total population of the nation.

These things are mentioned to not only show the largeness of a city, but to impress the point that, if country life calls for high character and quick wit in doing work well, city life also makes extraordinary demands in this respect. Big things call for big characters to care for them.—American Y. S.

Cut Loose!

"Ye Cannot Serve God and Mammon."

Remember, "friendship with the world is enmity with God." If you would be a friend of the world you must be the enemy of God. The spirit of the world is directly in opposition to the spirit of God. You must sacrifice one or the other.

Christ's followers are known by their separation from the world—"They are not of this world." Oh, Christian salvation! let us be separate. "Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence; touch no unclean thing; go ye out from the midst of her; be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

The early disciples had to separate themselves from all worldliness before they received the "endowment of power," which made them such mighty instruments for Christ. And since that day it has ever been the same—separation must take place before the endowment.

If you would be fruitful in God's service, then make a "clean cut" from the world, and be united to Christ.—The Victory.

A Nature Study.

How Stones Get Inside Fruit.

This question, and many like it, is answered if we watch what actually happens in Nature. We find, then, that what we can find such as a plum, and a cherry or a plum, in the last stage of a long series of changes that happen

A new profession for women, and one unique in its character and scope, came into existence with the birth of The Salvation Army. And of its advantages, its joys and its everlasting reward, too much cannot be said. This new sphere was created for women by the consecration and noble example of Mrs. General Booth, whose memory as the first of a line of prophetesses and preachers such as the world has never before seen, will be preserved for ever.

In the ranks of The Salvation Army women who desire to consecrate themselves to the joyous work of saving others, can find positions and prospects that are not open to them elsewhere. The direction in which any woman's particular talent lies does not matter. So long as she loves God, is consecrated to His will, and possesses faith for the salvation of the worst that is sufficient qualification to begin with.

Here are some of the channels that

in the flower of the cherry tree or the plum tree. After those flowers have been fertilized, they begin to change. If we look on, we may think that the flower is dying. The beautiful petals' fall off, not because any harm has come to the flower, but because the petals are no longer wanted.

Then a little hard thing with a tough skin, appears; and that is really the fruit. But at this stage it consists of hardly more than the stone and the skin covering it. But there is a layer of very active cells, which lie between the stone and the skin, and they produce the flesh of the fruit, for which we prize it. Birds prize it too, and so they eat the fruit and in so doing, carry the stone away with them. If it is fortunate, it falls upon suitable ground, and begins to germinate. The living interior of the stone, which contains the seed of the young plant, begins to grow and passes through the shell, and so a new tree begins to form. It was for this that the flowers were made.—Australian Y. S.

American Wealth.

The Hustler and the Almighty Dollar.

The wealth of the United States in 1850, according to the figures of the Census office, was \$7,000,000,000; in 1860, \$35,500,000,000; and in 1904, \$107,909,000,000; the average wealth per capita being in 1850, \$508; in 1860, \$614; in 1870, \$750; in 1880, \$850; in 1890, \$1,039; in 1900 \$1,165; and in 1904, \$1,210.

The wealth production on farms, according to the estimate of the Department of Agriculture was in 1857, \$1,250,000,000; and in 1907, \$7,412,000,000. Among the various articles produced on the farm are included wheat of which the farm value in 1908 was set down at \$1,000,000,000; larger sum than in any previous year in the history of our production; cotton, of which the value in 1908, the year of largest valuation, was \$722,000,000; hay in 1897, \$744,000,000; and corn in 1908, \$1,618,000,000; these being the average values on the farm.—American Social Gazette.

TO OBEY IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

The Roman Pharisees sent Caesar a present of a diadem, while he was still rebelling against his power. Caesar sent back his present saying: "First of all, obedience, and then make presents." God wants us more than our gifts.

are directly open to her—housewifery, needlework, art, medicine, literature, music, typewriting, shorthand, languages, book-keeping, the care of children, the nursing of the sick, cooking, cleaning, organizing, preaching; and she can be sure of employment at the one for which she is found to be most suited.

And here are the terms—small pay, long hours, difficulties of every sort, on the other hand, happiness, companionship, the love of the world, the daily delight and satisfaction that spring from doing good, the sense of the favour and presence of God, a triumphant death, and a glorious entrance to the skies.

No other profession can present such vast opportunities, such wide scope for effort and abilities, or such immediate reward. Saved women should grasp the chance and fill the place that is open to them as saviours of other women and men.—London Cry.

The Praying League

Prayer Topic.—Pray for the dear Young People, that they may be guided in their decisions for the future. Pray for sick comrades. Pray for our Soldiers throughout the Dominion. Pray for The General's Motor Tour.

Sunday, July 11.—Untrue reasons.—1. Sam. 20: 36-42; 21: 1-9.
Monday, July 12.—Care for parents.—1. Sam. 21: 10-14.
Tuesday, July 13.—Saul's cruel massacre.—1. Sam. 22: 9-23; 23: 14-16.
Wednesday, July 14.—Pursuing the innocent.—1. Sam. 23: 16-18; 24: 2-20.
Thursday, July 15.—A good wife.—1. Sam. 24: 21-28.
Friday, July 16.—Spared once more.—1. Sam. 26: 2-26.
Saturday, July 17.—Ancient spiritual rap.—28: 1-20.

"HARPS OF GOLD."

Some Interesting Facts Concerning Some Famous Salvation Songs.

BY JESSE PAGE, F. R. G. S.

WE have received from the Publishing Department of the Salvation Army, in England, a little book entitled, "Harps of Gold." It deals with songs that have reached the heart, and a most interesting little volume it is. In the chapter dealing with "Songs of Salvation," the author, Mr. Jesse Page, says:—

It is not surprising that many of our greatest hymn writers have attained their high-water mark in such compositions. If the theme of redeeming love and the message of the Cross will not inspire a man, he he poet or preacher, there is something wrong at his heart. These songs come to us as the cry of battle, for they have been sung in many a hard fight for Jesus—sung again and again till the penitent form was thronged, and yet once more with exultant faith and thanksgiving as the sinner cried for mercy, and the sobbing penitent cast down his load of sin. In *The Army*, at any rate, they have filled the hearts with suchapture that hands and feet have joined with the voice to express the joy of exultant Salvation.

We turn over the leaves of our Song Book and stop at the sight of the famous hymn of Dr. Watts:—
When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died etc.

This striking hymn stands, with three others, at the head of English hymnology, and, from all points of view, has been considered an all but perfect composition. It has found a ready welcome from sin-burdened hearts without number. It brings up at once the picture of Calvary—the Man of Sorrows, with outstretched arms, bearing the sins of the world;—and standing by that cross we see the undying love of our dying Redeemer.

Every Christian worker who has used this hymn in dealing with sinners, has, doubtless his own store of anecdotes to illustrate its power; and stories of its influence in Salvation Meetings must be countless. It is told of Mrs. Evans—a well-known preacher at Clich near Matlock, who lived a beautiful and blameless life of many years—that in her last moments she suffered intense pain, and being unable to lie down, was supported in the arms of a friend. Turning her radiant eyes to her in gratitude, the aged saint repeated:—
See, from His head, His hands, His feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compassed so rich a crown?

There are few hymns from the pen of John Wesley so full of spiritual power as that which has been sung in thousands of Army meetings, and will be sung as long as sinners hearken to the Saviour's call. It stands in strong contrast to many modern hymns which possess religious sentiment rather than convert-

ing power, and which, unfortunately, move an audience with a mere ripple of emotion, which dies away too often with the echoes of the singer's voice. The true aim of every hymn for sinners is to present not only the depth of wrongdoing and its consequences, but the efficacy of the Atonement. To use the common phrase, "Christ, and Him crucified," must be the sinner's hope and plea.

Would Jesus have the sinner die?

Why hang He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?

"Sinners, He prays for you and me.
"Forgive them, Father, Oh forgive!
They know not that by Me they live!"

Can any verses better express the passion of devout and thankful love at the spectacle of the Cross of Calvary than the two following:—

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb!
Thrice—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,

Thy cross and passion on the tree.

Thy precious Blood and life—I pray,
Take a'l, take all my sin away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;

The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears.
That all may hear the quickening sound,

Since I, even I, have mercy found.

As we have said, in recalling these grand old hymns we meet old friends, and refresh ourselves at fountains of living water which have been a joy to generations. One great song of faith comes to the mind at once, and that is:—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Before saying good-bye to this glorious song of faith, one is tempted to give one or two instances out of many which testify to its usefulness to living sinners and to dying saints. It was sung by the late Prince Consort as he passed away; the passengers in the ill-fated "London," wrecked in 1866, were singing it in the saloon as she went beneath the waves, and hundreds of cases might be cited where it has aroused the conscience of a sinner by the memory of early days, after a mother's voice in fervent prayer and brought him to place his sole trust in that Rock of Ages.

Other famous hymns of Salvation come to the mind—songs of victory in many a battle for souls; but space precludes more than a brief mention here. But what shall be said of that magnificent call to the unsaved?—

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power!
He is able. He is willing. Doubt no more.

Its writer, John Hari, was buried in Bunhill Fields, London in 1768; when, it is said 29,000 people gathered to do him honour. Well did the writer of such a hymn deserve it!

It waves the flag of mercy—
But the jewel in this string of
sweet and heavenly songs is—

Jesus, Lover of my soul."

It would not be difficult to write an entire book upon the history and beauties of this matchless hymn. Had Charles Wesley never written another, this lovely song would have made his name immortal.

These are the words our sainted mothers taught us; they have led millions through the heavenly gates and proved the floating spar of Salvation to many sinners in the darkness and storm of spiritual distress.

Finney sang this song as he closed his earthly career: Dr. Lyman Beecher whispered, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," when dying; and his brother, Henry Ward Beecher, said on one occasion, "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's than have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on earth."

As poetry its composition is delightful; its language is Scriptural in every line; and the whole forms a fitting vehicle for human weakness and need to pour forth, in the confidence of faith, an appeal to Him who is the source of all strength and consolation. It is alike useful for the cheer and comfort of saints, and the bringing in of poor sin-stricken souls.

One more of the older hymns must be mentioned before we pass to those of more modern date. It must be the noble song of William Cowper:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

This song is the "Magna Charta" of the sinner's hope and plea. Of this, too, hundreds of stories might be told: of men and women crying for mercy, while its strains are ringing in their ears; of Lancashire factories filled with this song above the whirr of the spindles; of open-air gatherings repeating it again and again; of aged and tired saints pleading, as they passed away, the dying love of Christ as their only hope in this world and the next.

In days like the present, when, in many churches, it is unfashionable to sing or speak of the Blood of Jesus Christ, because the doctrine of the Atonement is not really believed, it is well to remember these spiritual songs which magnify Calvary, and the sacrifice there made for the remission of sins.

There is a hymn by Charles Wesley which is rarely sung now, but need to be, in the old days a grand weapon for fighting in a hard meeting. It urges the sinner to turn and live, and is based on that entreaty of the prophet Ezekiel, "Why will ye

die, O house of Israel?" It was originally a long hymn of sixteen verses, but has been, not without justification shortened for use. We quote the first verse:—

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give.
Made you with Himself to live,
He the fatal curse demands,
Asks the work of His own hands:
Why, ye thoughtless creatures, why,
Will you cross His love and die?

In the same category must be mentioned that beautiful song of entreaty written by Fanny Crosby who, in her blindness, has seen such marvellous visions of that Divine glory of which she sings. Thousands have been brought to the mercy seat by the tender pleading of the following lines:—

Jesus is tenderly calling thee home,
Calling to-day, calling to-day!
Why, from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam,
Farther and farther away.

But this chapter has already far exceeded its bounds and must close with some songs of Salvation written by The Army's own hymn-writers and composers. Some one has said the peculiar advantage of tin-sold States is not their bigness, dear as that is to the native mind, but the fact that they can draw upon the resources within their own borders for everything. So, with The Army; within its ranks are to be found gifts of every kind; it can make a good hymn as readily as a well-fitting tunic, can compose songs as well as sermons, and to the same blessed end.

It is not necessary here to enumerate all those who have written some of whom are now singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb with the multitude of the redeemed in Heaven. To record the spiritual birth of Army Songs and singers would fill a book in itself.

Here are two by Colonel Lawley, which he has sung amongst almost all nations. He sings his own songs, and hardly needs to sing others. Leading some mighty throng on a wave of glorious melody, he is well known. Let him tell us himself how the following song came to him:—

Wearily wanderer, wilt thou listen
While I sing of dying love?
Which did make the Saviour hasten
From the richest realms above:
In a stable and a manger
Did the Prince of Glory lay;
In the world He was a stranger
While he sought for souls astray.

Hark, hear the Saviour knocking
Will thou let Him enter now?

"At the time I composed this song The General was preaching from the text, 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.' His sermon took such a hold on me; I saw the humility of Jesus

The continued on page 12.
proved by being r

From the North.

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Rees

The Work at Dawson City is Going Ahead—An Interesting Letter.

The writer of the following letter is a remarkable example of what the grace of God can accomplish—not only in converting a most degraded drunkard from his sinful ways, but in keeping him true to the Saviour when cut off from all associations with the people of God for months together. The letter itself, is also intrinsically interesting:—

Well, brother, once more winter has passed, and we are a year nearer Home. This winter has been a very hard and cold one in the North, but, thank God, it is past. I was prospecting around the head waters of the Big Salmon River, and a short time ago my partner and I crossed over to the Hootalingah River. We whipsawed timber, built a boat, and came down the river to Dawson, where we arrived on May 28th. Just as I stepped ashore I met Ensign Johnston and his assisting Officers and Soldiers, on their way to the usual Friday night meeting with the girls in the Red-light District. I received a hearty welcome—it seemed good to be in place where one could attend Army meetings again, seeing that I have been denied that privilege for nearly a year.

"I am having a grand time here. Not the old kind of a time—drinking, fighting, etc.—No but a glorious time telling others of what Christ has done for me. Two years and a-half years have elapsed since last I set foot in Dawson, and, of course, I noticed great changes in the place, notably in the Army. Such crowds attend the indoor meetings, and some wonderful conversions have taken place. One in particular was that of Old Tommy Dawson, who was a tough drunkard, almost as bad as I was at one time. But the Blood of Christ worked wonders for Brother Dawson, and he is now a new man. But Ah could not tell him say, would be a friend of mine."

"Ensign, let's see if we are not a little better. The workings of the Holy Spirit are doing good. A lot of fine men in this part now, when you talk to them about salvation, often reply that they came up North not to find salvation, but gold. But, praise God, some have found the Pearl of greatest price. I came North eight years ago for the gold, but found salvation instead. Praise the Lord! and all I am to-day or ever expect to be, I owe to the efforts of The Salvation Army on my behalf."

"I am Adjutant 'Gheard's' 'trophy' of Bellingham, Washington, U. S. A. And now, may God bless the dear old Salvation Army, and long may our dear General be spared is the prayer of your brother in the Lord.—Andrew Donald Wooler."

(Later.)

"Ensign Jensen arrived last evening on the steamer 'Reliance' from Fairbanks, Alaska. He has done good work for the Master and reports that the people are anxious for The Army to open fire in Fairbanks. Truly the harvest is great but the labourers are few. Officers who give the truth straight from the shoulder, and who can stand the hardship of the frontier, are wanted. Send along another Ensign Johnston, and things will go with a swing. Yours for the Master.—A. D. Wooler."

Conduct District Councils in Newfoundland—How the Outposts are Reached.

THE second of the series of District Councils being conducted by Colonel and Mrs. Rees, in Newfoundland, was held at Twillingate, on Friday and Saturday June 11th and 12th. The dates fixed were the 8th and 9th, but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," and in this case our plans miscarried. It all happened through our inability to connect with the S.S. "Clyde," as the result of for. The "Clyde" having gone, a wire to Adjutant Hiseock brought a small sailboat manned by four Officers, and at 7 p. m., on Tuesday night,

was rather cold—was quite enjoyable. But oh! how we longed for bed, and how, with an ancient worthy we felt—if we did not say it, "God bless the man who invented sleep," when our heads were at last laid on the pillow.

On Friday morning, at 10 a. m., the first Session of the Councils commenced, and throughout they were times of great refreshing. Some thirty-five Officers from the Notre Dame and Tilt Cove Districts were present, and a more hearty and earnest crowd of men and women it would be hard to find. They listened with hungry hearts and they certainly did not go empty away. The testi-

of a dozen Officers—natives of Twillingate—stood in a row on the platform, and an appeal being made for a'l who would be willing to obey God's call should it come to them, their hand. Over a dozen hands were raised and a deep and lasting impression was made.

On Monday at 10 a. m., we started on the return journey in a small sailboat, calling at Morton's Harbour, where the new Barracks now in course of erection was inspected, procuring service to Exploits where a

On Tuesday morning we again boarded our craft, manned by our doughty crew—Captains Earle Wells, and Ebsary—and steered for Campbelltown, where we held another meeting, and inspected the new School which is being built.

On Wednesday morning we said Good-bye to the trusty Officers who had safely conducted us thus far. God



Officers of the Notre Dame Bay District, Newfoundland, in Council at Twillingate, With Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Rees, and Staff-Captain Barr.

Colonel and Mrs. Rees and the Chancellor, started on a thirty-mile journey to Twillingate.

There was practically no wind and it was a case of rowing all the way. Hour followed hour, all was still and calm; overhead the stars twinkled brightly, and on board our little craft we worked with a will and looked long and eagerly for the first halting place—Sampson's Island. Somewhere between twelve and one the moon came smiling over the hill-top to have a look at us and someone informed us we had still five miles to go. At 2 a. m., we arrived at Sampson's Island, where a most enjoyable hour was spent at the house of Brother Burt, whose dear wife had the light burning, the kettle on, and all ready for our comfort. Here we had what is known on the Island as a "mug-up." Our "lunch" partaken of at 4 o'clock, we again boarded our craft, and over water glowing beneath the glorious rays of the rising sun, we sailed on the last section of our journey, arriving at Twillingate tired, sleepy and sore, at 9 a. m.

It was a great trip, and, but for the lack of wraps—for the night air

monies to blessing received were sincere and general, and much is expected as the result of the burning and inspiring addresses of the Colonel.

Mrs. Rees met the women Officers and had a very blessed time with them. On Friday night in the Citadel the Colonel delivered his famous lecture, entitled, "In Prison and Out." W. Ashbourne Esq. presided and the large audience sat spellbound while for two hours the Colonel, in graphic style, related his thrilling experience of those early days. As Saturday night's event is being reported independently, I will only say that it took the form of a marriage ceremony, and Ensign P. Sainsbury and Lieutenant Maude Miller had a long-felt wish gratified.

On Sunday all day, the meetings were conducted by the Colonel, and were pronounced as being among the best meetings ever held at Twillingate.

The Colonel's addresses were greatly enjoyed and the day's meetings closed with an object lesson that would have gladdened the heart of the Candidates' Secretary. Upwards

of the boys. When Captain Earle arrives at his Corps he will have travelled over two hundred miles in an open boat to be at these Councils, and also to convey the Provincial Commanders and Chancellor from Lewisport to Twillingate and back as far as Campbellton.

Captain N. Cole and Lieutenant Abbot then took charge of us, and brought us on to Lewisport. As we fought a headwind all the way, we were thankful that this ended our boating experiences for the present. During the week we have travelled at least eighty miles in a skiff. We have had no storms. The weather has been splendid not one of us has been sea-sick, and all are well.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER DREW, OF OTTAWA II.

Ottawa II.—In the promotion to Glory of Brother Drew, we have lost a faithful comrade of some years' standing. He also saw service in the Old Land. For two years in this country he was unable to take any active part in the War, but he bore his cross bravely. Nine days before he died he sent for Captain Blyss. He told the Captain, "It's all right," and showed him his favourite song, "Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine." About three hours before he passed away, he called his dear wife, the Captain, Brother Crouch, and Sister Nixon to his side and with his right hand uplifted towards heaven again said, with his faint voice, "It's all right." He passed peacefully away at 9.35, May 28th.

The funeral was conducted by Adjutant Allen assisted by Captain Blyss, on Saturday. A short service was also held at the house and Barracks.

At the memorial service on Sunday night, in the Hall, his dear wife spoke a short while, urging sinners to come to Jesus.—W. A. B. for Adjutant Allen.



Ensign Johnston and his assisting officers, on their way to a meeting.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Lord Rosebery's Message.

Speaking at the Imperial Press Conference, held in London, England, recently, Lord Rosebery reminded the assembled newspaper men that they were visiting the homeland of the Empire. "Welcome Home" he said. "The home of your language, your liberties, and your race welcome home to the source of your Parliaments, of your free institutions and liberties, and your race welcome home to the supreme head of all these Dominions, your Sovereign and mine, who is not merely the King of Great Britain but the King of hearts (cheers); welcome home to this and to anything besides that we, in all brotherhood, can offer you."

In his speech he also touched upon the question of Imperial defence, and sent a message to the Colonies to the effect that each had its own responsibility for defence rests on every man and citizen. "Tell your people" he said "the deplorable way in which Europe is lapsing into militarism, and the pressure which is put upon this little island to defend its liberties—and yours! But take this message also back with you—that the Old Country is right at heart, that there is no failing or weakness in heart, and that she rejoices in renewing her youth in her brilliant dominions beyond the seas."

Digging Up Babylon.

For the last eleven years a party of German excavators have been employed in laying bare the secrets of ancient Babylon. They have now discovered the remains of Nebuchadnezzar's palace. It is built of large square tiles, stamped with his name and bound together with asphalt. The part which has been excavated, consists of an immense irregular enclosure, surrounded by thick walls. Within, there is a bewildering complexity of small courts and passages with chambers leading out of them, all the more bewildering, because in many cases the bricks have disappeared.

The King's apartments lay behind a court, paved with double layers of tiles. From the court a doorway leads into an immense oblong chamber in the back wall of which is a niche for the throne. This was believed to be the banquet hall in which Belshazzar made his feast, and on a fragment of wall facing the throne, you may see, if you please, the fingers of a man's hand writing the ominous message. Behind the banquet hall are the private chambers, and behind all a narrow passage leading to an emergency exit by means of which the king could escape to the Euphrates in the last extremity of danger.

But how fleeting was all this magnificence! A hundred years and less saw the rise of the Second Babylonian Empire, its triumph and its fall. Cyrus ravaged great Babylon, and scattered its wealth like the chaff of the summer threshing floors, and now "The wolves cry in their castles and the jackals in the pleasant places."

More Trouble in Morocco.

The internal peace of Morocco is again threatened by the depredations of the rebel, Rohl, to whom a large number of the tribes are reported as having sworn allegiance. Another factor is the series of raids conducted by the Sultan's rebellious brother, Mohammed, at the head of the Zennou tribesmen, is now marching on Meknes.

The Sultan has organised a flying column of two thousand men to pursue Kabil, but it is feared that this force will desert. The defences of Fez have been strengthened, and the European residents are prepared to flee at a moment's notice.

In that case the position of the Sultan will be desperate as his viziers will probably depose him and proclaim one of his brothers Sultans. There seems to be quite a game of making and breaking Sultans nowadays.

A Spanish Princess.

Queen Victoria of Spain, gave birth to a daughter on June 22nd, and the rejoicing amongst the people was great. The baby is a blonde, and healthy in appearance.

The King has been showered with congratulations, and in commemoration of the event he signed the pardon of several prisoners and reduced the punishment of a number of others.

The birth of a Princess is particularly pleasing to both the King and the Queen, as they had hoped that this child, the third, would be a girl. The first two children are boys, Prince Alfonso born May 10, 1907,

Photographing a Bubble.

After photographs have been obtained of flashes of lightning and flying cannon balls. It would seem an easy matter to obtain a picture of a bursting soap bubble. But apparently this is not so.

An eminent scientist said not long ago that for a long time it had been his ambition to photograph a soap bubble in the act of breaking. He anticipated great difficulty because he knew the time occupied in the disappearance of a breaking bubble must be only a small fraction of a second.

Whoever has watched a brilliant soap bubble burst, knows how quickly it vanishes. The scientist thought it might take one-twentieth of a second; but by repeated experiments, he found that the time occupied in the disappearance of the iridescent film, was not more than one three-hundredth of a second. To catch and picture one of these vanishing films between the instant of its breaking and that of its complete extinction, proved a most difficult undertaking; but it was accomplished.

Fires that Never Go Out.

There is a fire in Bangkok, Siam,

They said: "Who has hate in the soul? Who has envied his neighbour? Let him arise and control both that man and his labour."

They said: "Who is eaten by s'oth? Whose untruth has destroyed him? He shall levy a tribute from all because none have employed him. They say: "Who has tolled? Who has striven and gathered possession? Let him be spoiled; he hath given full proof of transgression."

They razed their ramparts to convert them into pleasure grounds encouraged rebellion in their colonies, flung away the Imperial possessions their forefathers gained, scouted faith and endeavour, and derided the idea of restraint. Nemesis comes when they are steeped in self-satisfaction in the form of a hostile bolt, and the poem concludes as follows:—

The eaters of other men's bread, thus exempt from hardship.

The excusers of impotence fled, abandoning their watchposts.

For the hate they had taught through the State brought the State no defender.

And it passed from the roll of the nations in headlong surrender."

We have no doubt but that a State pursuing such a policy, would speedily come to ruin, but we cannot believe that England is going downhill so rapidly as that. Unless however, her people still themselves up to take hold of God, the British Empire is as likely to dissolve as other world Empires have done for it is still true that "Righteousness is a nation's strength, and a nation's sin is a reproach to any people."

Destructive Smoke.

It is reported that the historic Westminster Abbey, in London, England, is in danger of crumbling away, owing to the action of London smoke on its walls. Sir William Richmond recently stated at the annual Meeting of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society of London, that the Abbey has suffered more from rapid decay during the last few hundred years, than in all the previous years of its history.

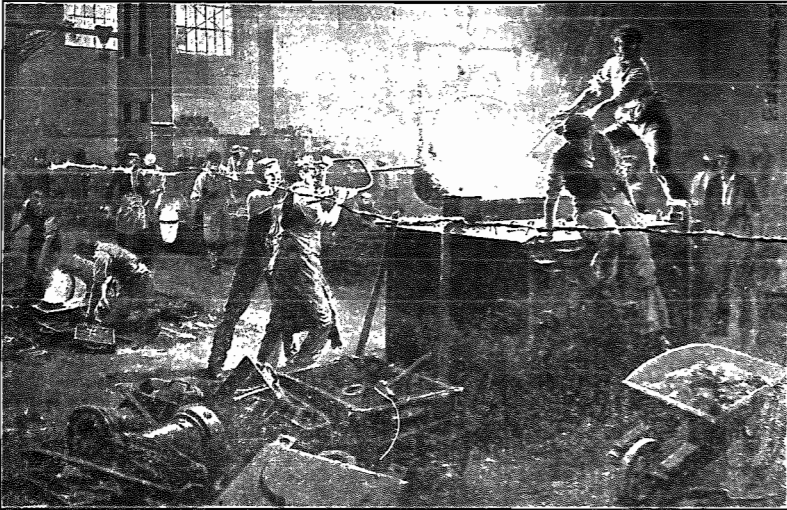
So serious is the matter becoming that the Abbey authorities have approached the society and furnished a report showing that repairs executed only fourteen years ago are now in a bad state as a result of various acids contained in London smoke. The society considers that it is now time to take practical steps for abating the smoke nuisance.

Banish Cigarettes in U. S. Navy.

Rear Admiral Schroder, of the United States' Navy, is asking that the smoking of cigarettes by the sailors should be discouraged. He believes that the habit seriously impairs the health of the men, and desires to see a ban placed on it. He has therefore recommended to Mr. Meyer, the Secretary of the Navy, that no cigarettes be sold at the ships' stores, on any of the vessels under his command. It is probable that Mr. Meyer will take action on Admiral Schroder's recommendation.

Some years ago the use of liquor was forbidden in the navy with beneficial results. We are glad they are going a step further for we believe it is a step in the right direction.

The one who is unrepentant is reprieved by his own being reprieved.



Britain's Capacity For Naval Construction.—Casting Brass at Vickers's Works.

and Prince Jaime, born June 23, 1908.

Birds that Eat Mosquitoes.

From Gowganda comes a wall that the mosquitoes up North make life unbearable for the settlers. The discovery, therefore, that certain birds are eaters of mosquitoes should arouse hopes in the hearts.

Notable among these mosquito destroyers are the night hawk, chimney swift, and kildoe. The night hawk has a huge mouth and a stomach of corresponding size. It does most of its feeding during twilight hours, on which account the malaria mosquito, which is a night flyer, is particularly likely to become its victim. Mosquitoes of any breed are much esteemed by this bird, which will pass through a cloud of them with its mouth wide open and take them in much the same as a whale swallows fishes in its progress through a school. There is hardly a doubt that it could eat ten thousand mosquitoes for a single night.

The chimney-swift is likewise very active during twilight hours when it feeds. It is a very rapid flyer, as most people have had opportunities to notice. Probably it could devour two hundred mosquitoes at a repast. As for the kildoe, five hundred mosquitoes would do no more than provide this bird with a square meal.

Surely they should be encouraged in their good work.

which is said to be the oldest in the world. It has been kept burning in a Buddhist temple for two centuries.

Another long term fire is said to exist at Sarhad, Persia. This flame is a symbol of religious terror, and it is death to extinguish it; this fire has burned for seventy years.

There are some regions of the earth, like those inhabited by the Eskimos, where the motive for retaining fires for long periods lies in the great difficulty of obtaining means for lighting new ones. One traveler reports seeing a fire in Lapland that had not been extinguished during seven years. It had been carried from place to place in an old ship's bucket.

And now we draw attention to a fire which has been burning in men's hearts since the Fall. The Word of God says, "Wickedness burneth as a fire." Unless, it is quenched in Jesus' blood this is the fire that will burn for ever and ever tormenting guilty souls. But, thank God it can be put out if men will turn to God in true repentance.

A Prophet of Woe.

The latest poem of Rudyard Kipling is now being discussed in the British Press. It is a poem that is prophesying national disaster though the poem describes the citizens of an imaginary "City of Brass." Their administrative ideas are thus described:

What Shall I Do With My Life?

Addressed Especially to Young People by Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

CHAPTER IV.

Via Crucis, Via Lucis.

LAST week we mentioned some of the qualities requisite to the character of The Army Officer. There are two others I would like to mention.

The Holy Spirit.—It would be like going into battle without weapons. Into a workshop without tools. Into a storm without protection, to attempt to go into the work of soul-saving without some definite knowledge of the Holy Spirit and the equipment for God's service; which He gives. No matter how well educated you may be, or with what natural gifts and graces you may be endowed, the chief qualification needed to fit you for this work is the endowment of the Holy Spirit.

The apostles realised the importance of this for, after having been the companions of Jesus, sharing His pilgrimages, watching His miracles and partaking of food with Him, they "Tarr'd at Jerusalem" for the baptism of Pentecost before commencing their public ministry. They knew something of the meaning of this power. Vacillating, feeble, headstrong, warm-hearted Peter, was transformed into a giant achieving tremendous conquests. Through the Holy Spirit's

presence, the man once afraid of scorn's finger, swept all before him. Once promising great things, then breaking vows through fear of the consequences, he was fearless of all proclaiming truth with magnificent results.

John loving Jesus as he did, before his baptism of fire, leaning on His heart, favoured by His smile, when newly anointed his heart wakened to see the needs of the outcast, to feel the sting of their sorrows giving "such as he had" healing and happiness to the pauper at the temple gate.

Thomas, full of doubts and perplexities, changed through the Holy Spirit's blessing to "believing faith" in Christ.

James, though not a disciple, converted through seeing his Lord after the resurrection was so possessed of the Spirit that he was to become one of the most influential men of his day. So imbued with the spirit of prayer, that he would prostrate himself before his God, his knees becoming hard as camels, through his pleadings, for the sins of his people,

when he was the first Bishop of Jerusalem.

Stephen's short life's ministry proves the wisdom of the choice that separated him for special duty, seizing his opportunity, and "doing great wonders and miracles among the people." So appealing to the multitude "that they were not able to resist the wisdom and power by which he spoke." What an example is this holy man just baptised with his Divine Master's Spirit.

So dear young friend, if God is speaking to your heart and saying to you as He did to me twenty-five years ago, "I want you for my service" just give yourself fully to Him, consecrate your life to Him and He will give you His blessed Holy Spirit to be your guide, your counsellor, your teacher even your indwelling leader.

Love Souls.—This is the chief compelling and compelling motive, which must actuate you in becoming an Officer in The Salvation Army. Oh, what difficulties and sorrows a burning compassion for souls has enabled our people to face and conquer. The "burden" of souls was from the earliest days of The Army, the earnest prayer of its Soldiers. There must be some realisation of their need—of which we will write in our next chapter. But if you, my reader, want to be fitted for this service you must love the people, not only the pleasant, nice people, well-dressed and agreeable, but the poor and the needy, the little children and the unfortunate ones. This love will make you forget yourself and your own personal interests, and this is an important trait in the character of one who seeks to be of service in the Kingdom of God. We have a beautiful example of this in the dying of the first martyr. Stephen was self-forgetful. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." His own bleeding wounds and throbbing temples were forgotten. Though suffering death agony, he remembered his persecutors. Their sins their souls, occupied his first and last thoughts. Of course, in this age there is not the same testing as the early heroes of the Cross experienced. But the same spirit of forgetfulness is one of our ideals. Some Christians live lives of complete self-sacrifice, completely abandoned to the serving of others. I have the remembrance of many such in my life. One especially. She



Brother W. Eds. Vancouver, I. Collected \$110 for Self-Denial Effort.

was associated with me at one time in Rescue Work. A delicate frail woman, recently passed to the Home Land, thinking of others till the last. Often weak, but always thinking of those around her. "Never mind me" seemed to be her motto. Exemplifying the words of the Book, "Look not upon his own things, but upon the things of others." This is one secret of success. Brushing away your tears, and wiping the wet cheeks of others. Rising above your own sorrows, disappointments and discouragements, to bless, encourage, and cheer.

Begin to cultivate this grace if you intend to walk Via Crucis, Via Lucis—the way of the cross, the way of light—or the way of crossbearing the way of light sharing.

(To be continued.)

Band Chat.

Grantford.—The smart appearance of the Band with their uniforms and new pouches and belts from Headquarters has brought forth many favourable comments from the public.

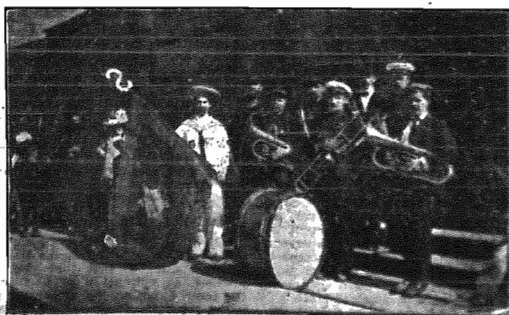
The latest music is well appreciated, the local papers remarking on the excellent renderings of the "Chalk Farm," "Shipley," and "Tyaside" marches.—F. D.

The Temple Band has welcomed Bandmaster McDonald to its ranks. We are glad to hear that Sister Mrs. Watson, wife of Bandmaster Watson, is recovering from her serious illness.

A Band has been organised at Petrolia by Adjutant Banks. Ten learners are "hard at it" with their horns. Scales only are in vogue just now, but a set of No. 1. Band Book music has been purchased, and before long the public will delight in Petrolia's Army Band.

Peterborough Silver Band, in charge of Bandmaster Greene, and accompanied by Staff-Capt. Watson, visited Tweed on June 19 and 20.

Quite recently, the Band Chet. column contained a paragraph concerning the brave principled conduct of fireman W. Hardy, of Belfast, who is also an Army Bandman. It so happened that a paper containing the account of all this, was sent to the Lethbridge, Alberta, where the Corporation were considering the formation of a new fire brigade. The paper was shown to the Council who were so impressed and pleased with the story of fireman Hardy, that they decided to ask him to accept a position as one of the principal subordinate officers. Our comrade accepted the offer, and sailed for this Dominion on June 17th, with the heartfelt good wishes of the firemen and officers of Belfast, who, at the same time, regret the departure of a faithful worker.



The Chesley Band, as it appeared on the 24th of May.

Secretary Mrs. Chambers, of Regina. Who collected over \$80.00 for Self-Denial this year.

RIVERDALE'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY

Celebrations Conducted from June 13th to 17th.

Twenty-five years ago Army meetings were first held in a district then known as Riverside—now Riverdale. No imposing Citadel adorned the east end of the city in those days. There was neither Band nor Songsters, but the meetings were carried on in spite of the frenzied attacks of opposing mobs, armed with dead cats and rotten eggs. To-day Riverdale Corps is one of the finest, not only in Toronto city with its fourteen Corps, but in the Dominion.

Captain Lack (now Mrs. Lieut. Colonel Howell), was one of its first Officers, and on Sunday, June 13th, she told of the early warfare in Riverdale twenty-two years ago. To-day the Corps is officered by Adjutant and Mrs. McElheney. The Adjutant gave an interesting retrospect on Sunday morning.

In the afternoon, a very commendable and successful "Alling" was held. The crowd about a very commendable novel way of celebrating the anniversary was adopted. Both Senior and Junior Corps assembled at the Citadel laden with flowers, bouquets, plants, etc., and, headed by the Brass Band, marched through the rain to the General Hospital where a number of comrades were deputed to distribute the gifts to the patients. How the action was appreciated by both the doctor in charge and the recipients, the reader can well understand.

On Monday a Band Festival by the Temple Band had been announced, but owing to the inability of the Band to attend, the Corps' own Band turned out almost to a man within the space of an hour's notice. Bandmaster Cosway is to be complimented upon this performance, and for the programme rendered. Captains Adsit and Walling, Mrs. Brigadier Potter and Mrs. Cooper each helped.

On Tuesday night a great Temperance meeting was held. The Adjutant has proved himself an efficient worker for the cause and Controller Hocken, Rev. Mr. Hobbs (Methodist), Mr. H. Hon (father of Alderman Hilt), were glad to address a fine audience that night. Adjutant Walker, of Galt (a former Officer of the Corps), was present and spoke briefly. Adjutant Sims and Captain Myers assisted.

An "Old Folks at Home" meeting took place on Wednesday. Tea was served to a goodly crowd of comrades, recruits and veterans alike. Brigadier Potter gave a short address. One comrade—Brother Hensley—spoke of the opening of the Corps, at which he was present. Brother Glover (father of Brigadier Nohemah Glover) Treasurer Stollcker, Brother Coward, Sister Mrs. Allen, Sergeant-Major Brown, and others, also spoke of the "good old days," and a very interesting meeting resulted.

Ensign Trickey and the Lager St. Band and Corps gave their excellent service, "The Evolution of the Salvation Army," on Thursday night. The Christian Mission the old-time Army and its growth right up to the present day, were fully and interestingly presented, and at the close groups of comrades, representing the different departments of The Army, marched and thus ended the things which it plotted.

PERSONALITIES.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire has, during the week, been a visitor at Headquarters; we were delighted to see him. He is now on the highroad to recovery, for which he is very grateful to God. He is also very grateful to the Commissioner, the Chief Secretary, and the comrades generally, for their prayers and sympathy. They have been most kind. Lovell as he knew them to be, the fine, comradely conduct shown to him in his recent illness, has exceeded his expectations.

Brigadier Potter conducted the marriage ceremony of two West Toronto comrades on June 30th. The bridegroom is known as the "Hallelujah policeman." This is the first wedding the Brigadier has conducted on this side of the line.

Staff-Captain Eason has recovered sufficiently, in that she has left the hospital, is now at her home, and is improving nicely.

Staff-Captain Goodwin is enjoying a well-deserved furlough in Vancouver.

Staff-Captain Walton of Peterboro, came to Toronto during the week ending June 15th, in connection with property matters.

Staff-Captain White has returned to T. H. Q. after a four weeks' financial tour in the Maritime Provinces. The Staff-Captain managed to sandwich in a number of open-air and indoor meetings, in which he had the joy of leading some forty souls to the Saviour. Ten sought salvation in one meeting at Ottawa.

Mrs. Adjutant Howell has been enabled to leave the hospital, an imminent attack of typhoid having been averted.

Adjutant Cooper have attended quite a number of the Camp meetings during their furlough. Captain Düring of the New Ontario Division, also spent the weekend of June 26-27 at Dufferin Grove.

Mrs. Adjutant Orchard of Westville, we regret to say, is quite poorly.

Ensign and Mrs. Cummins (now resting in Newfoundland), are happy because of the arrival of a baby girl.

We regret that Ensign Hamilton of Halifax, has broken down in health. The Ensign will go on furlough.

Ensign Poole and Captain L. Thompson were united in marriage by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, at Feverisham, on Monday, June 28th.

Ensign Johnstone of Dawson City, Y.T., is opening up Army work in a town called Fairbanks, in the Lower River Country. Considerable distress has been experienced in Dawson recently, the labour market being overdone. The Ensign has been enabled to render splendid assistance in the feeding and housing of the men, which the local press never fails to mention. The Army is doing splendid ground in the Far North.

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg Buried Beneath the Colours at Stockholm.

"ALL IS WELL!"

From the British War Cry.

THE funeral of Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, which was conducted yesterday (Sunday) by Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secretary, and taken part in by Mrs. Brimwell Booth as the representative of The General and the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Oliphant, from Berlin, and others besides the National Staff, was the most impressive and touching Army ceremony that has ever been conducted in Stockholm.

The morning meeting in the spacious and beautiful Temple, with which the proceedings of Sunday commenced, was crowded with a highly sympathetic audience. The Hall was chastely decorated and the coffin, on which were placed The Army Flag, and the cap and Bible of the promoted warrior, stood in front of the platform.

To the Celestial City.

Commissioner Howard, who was also supported by Commissioner Ouchterloney and Mrs. Colonel Povisen, gave an address pregnant with tender and inspiring thought.

When a letter from our beloved General breathing the very spirit of sympathy and overcoming faith, was read, the congregation was deeply impressed; and while stricken hearts felt the poignancy of his and their grief, they were also lifted up by the strength of his trust.

We give the substance of The General's inspiring message:—

"Had the ordering of events been in our hands, we should have planned this visitation otherwise; but of infinite mercy, and to our everlasting benefit, these things are directed by a higher and Wiser Power than ours.

"For five years or more he has struggled with the terrible malady which was, in all probability, the cause of his promotion to the Celestial City, where doubtless more important service for the King awaited him than it was his privilege to engage in here.

"The Swedish death was of special significance. He played no unimportant part in establishing The Army on a strong foundation in the land of his birth, and now he is the first of my Commissioners, not an Englishman, to answer the call to enter into the rest that remains for the true warriors of the Cross.

"He is gone! His dear wife and precious children mourn his loss. 'Salvationists' throughout the world grieve for his departure.

"The General feels that from his side a brave, loyal, and efficient comrade has passed away.

"What shall we do with our bereavement?

"Praise God for the faithful and useful life that he lived!"

"Sympathize with the sorrowing wife who mourns his absence.

"Rejoice that our comrade has been vouchsafed a happy deliverance out of all his afflictions, and is safely landed on the shores where pain and

sickness and death are known no more."

Prayer Wonderfully Answered

Mrs. Booth spoke with much power and tenderness. She came, she told us, as the representative of The General and the Chief. In touching words she referred to the irremediable loss which Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg had sustained and spoke of the glorified Commissioner's length of service, which was on'y interrupted by his failing health.

All thoughts were with Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, and all hearts breathed the prayer, "Lord, sustain her!"—for one day, with its three long and trying services was a strain that taxed her powers of endurance to the utmost. We wondered, indeed, if she would be able to master her grief sufficiently to speak.

God wonderfully answered our prayer, and Commissioner Lucy, as a true daughter of The General, rose in fortitude and courage though showing in her white, drawn face, tokens of the deep waters through which she was passing. Speaking at first in a low, trembling voice, she yet did so, with lips that were inspired by God Himself. As she proceeded heads bowed, and tears came to all eyes.

She told of the treasure which Sweden had given her, and of her love for the country and its people. Then of the happy years of union—years through which sorrow, bereavement, and sickness had only seemed to draw them closer together.

The thought of losing the Commissioner, she admitted, was one she had contemplated with dread; but now she was not rebellious and with truth she could say, "His will be done!"

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg was an ideal man, husband, father, and Salvationist. He was ever strong to help, and tender as her own dear mother.

His love for The General was unqualified and, on his last visit to Sweden, it gave him great joy to translate for our Leader, the Commissioner expressing his desire to perform this service, as, perhaps, it would be the last time he would be able to render it.

"My comfort," concluded Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, "will be to work for God and souls until we are reunited for ever."

Preceding the funeral the State Church service was impressively conducted in the Temple when Pastor Kjerbeck, who studied at the Upsala University with the late Commissioner Booth-Hellberg delivered a glowing eulogy of his life and character.

Instead of the glorious June sunshine the weather was showery and

It is quite interesting to note that the parents of the three Local Officers—Clayton Hawling, John Gooch, and Ernest Wicksey—were commissioned on Monday night, June 28th, in connection with the Territorial Y. P. Band, are all members of one Corps—Lippincott Street. Several of the lads are sons of prominent Officers.

dull but notwithstanding this the crowds were immense the streets thronged, the police most kind and the public evidently moved in no ordinary manner.

Every window was crowded with onlookers. Kodaks and photographic apparatus were seen all along the route, and heads were uncovered reverently as the hearse with its flag-covered coffin, passed along.

There must have been several thousands of people also in the cemetery. A platform had been erected by the side of the grave, on which the leaders were grouped, and this enabled the vast crowd to hear and see without any difficulty. The arrangements were excellent, and perfect order prevailed. Wherever the eye looked, we seemed to meet Salvationists in full uniform.

Mrs. Booth-Hellberg presented a pathetic picture by the graveside as, bowed with grief, she knelt with her two little girls, who were sobbing as though their hearts would break.

Another pathetic figure was that of the veteran leader, Commissioner Ouchterloney. It was through his influence that Commissioner Booth-Hellberg became an Officer, and under her command that his earliest battles were fought. Speaking in clear tones, she touched all hearts as she recalled memories of the promoted Commissioner's Cadet days.

Commissioner Oliphant and Lieut.-Colonel Larson (Sweden's Chief Secretary) also spoke, while the Songsters sang a piece composed by Commissioner Booth-Hellberg when in prison, and Lieut.-Colonel Toft a very appropriate hymn specially written for the occasion.

Very beautifully Commissioner Oliphant described the last hours of Berlin of the promoted Officer, paying likewise a tribute to the heroic doctor's stern struggle with death.

The Commissioner's last words were "All is well."

With extraordinary courage Commissioner Lucy again braced herself up to speak. Her precious husband, she said, was a truly converted man, who loved souls and who had ever helped her in her own soul struggles. For herself, she was resolved, to than ever to live to help others.

Then she appealed to sinners, to an immediate surrender, and to backsliders to return to God.

As the coffin with its precious burden was being lowered into the vault, the scene was touching beyond words.

The memorial service at night was a fitting conclusion to this memorable day. Again the Foreign Secretary laid paying a beautiful tribute to Commissioner Booth-Hellberg's noble qualities, and his solemn, sympathetic touch gave this meeting, as well as the others that he had already conducted, a reverent and consoling influence.

Several Officers testified to the value of the deceased's example and spirit, and at the close there were twenty-one seekers for Salvation.

Mrs. Booth-Hellberg especially requests that we should thank the many comrades and friends whose prayers and messages of love and condolence have done so much to assuage her sorrow and uphold her in this hour of her great trial.

You may preach, and sing and talk, and do what you will; but if you don't exhibit to the people living epistles, you may go on preaching, and the world will get worse and worse.

THE WAR CRY.

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GAZETTE.

Promotion to Glory—

BRIGADIER ANNIE STEWART, out of Guelph, Ontario, 20 291. Chief Assistant to Women's Social T. H. Q.; promoted to Glory from Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, 26.6.69.

Marriage—

Ensign P. Salisbury who came out of Westerville, 512 99; last stationed at Grand Falls; to Lieutenant Alice M. Miller who came out from Pogo 14 7 06; last on furlough on June 12th, 1909, at Tillamook by Lieut.-Colonel Rees.

T. B. COOMBS, Commissioner.

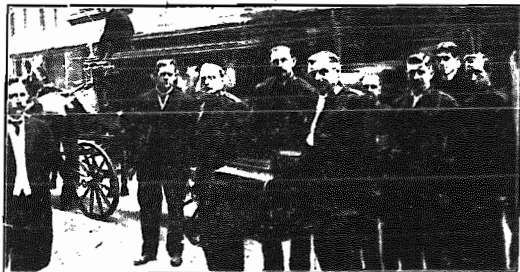
TENT MEETINGS.

The Camp Meetings at Dufferin Grove are, at the time of writing, in full swing; and the writer does not remember seeing at previous Camp Meetings greater or more interested crowds, nor more gratifying spiritual results than those that attended the afternoon and evening meetings of last Sunday. On Saturday night, after the impressive funeral of Brigadier Stewart there were ten souls for salvation in a splendid meeting conducted by Brigadier Taylor, and on Sunday night, as will be seen by the report, there were twenty-three out for salvation or thirty-three kneeling at the Saviour's feet in connection with these two meetings so closely related to the promotion of our glorified comrade. Is that an indication of the impression created by her death? But whatever the cause, there is no doubt that God is richly blessing the Camp Meetings, and that fact suggests to us the question—Could not more be done with tents during the summer months in our large centres of population? The advantages of a tent are many. To begin with, it suggests something out of doors—in itself a great inducement during the warm days and hot nights; then, it can be pitched in a locality that may be out of the beaten track of the Corps' ordinary operations, and thus new people may be reached. A very desirable matter as all Field Officers will agree. There are other advantages which will readily suggest themselves to the enterprising F. O., and so we commend the consideration of tent meetings for the next month or two at all Corps in a position to operate them.

This, of course, is only a suggestion for getting out of the ruts. The people whom The Salvation Army chiefly aims at getting, are not those who are regular frequenters of places of worship but who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." These, on hot Sunday nights, are not likely to enter Hall's, but they are likely to enter a tent at any rate to remain within earshot outside, and in this way they may be won for God. In any case, dear comrades, the hot weather problem is upon us. Don't sit supinely under it, but hustle, and, by God's grace and your own efforts, bring the claims of Christ, in the best manner possible, before the greatest number.

The Burial of Brigadier Stewart.

An Impressive Service conducted by Commissioner Coombs
Toronto impressed with the great Funeral Service—
Three Bands play the Warrior to the Grave—
Touching Tributes.



The Late Brigadier's Body Enters Headquarters For the Last Time.

AS announced in our last issue, the mortal remains of the late Brigadier Stewart reached Toronto, on Friday afternoon. The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Mapp, and Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Southall received the corpse at the depot, and the body of the dead warrior entered Territorial Headquarters for the last time.

On Saturday the body was viewed by a large number, as it rested in the Temple, which had been appropriately decorated with white and purple drapery. Flowers were there in profusion. They were placed there in small bunches—the loving tribute of the humble poor—and were present in the form of massive wreaths—one of which, a magnificent floral tribute, was sent from the Police Headquarters.

The funeral service, which commenced at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon was conducted by Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs. A very large crowd assembled, and as the Staff Band played a funeral march, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, Colonel and Mrs. Mapp and the friends of the Brigadier, entered the Hall.

The service commenced with the singing of that old and hope-inspiring song, "Shall we meet beyond the

river?" and after the Commissioner had prayed for God to comfort the bereaved, and to enable the living to profit by the service he called upon the Chief Secretary to read some of the messages which had been received, and from which we take the following:—

Commander Evangeline Booth. "With the deepest regret I learn of Brigadier Stewart's loss. The inspiration of her noble and Christ-like character will live for ever with her comrades left upon the battle ground. Her reward will be abundant and shining."

Officers of the Ottawa Rescue Home. "Deepest sympathy with our Leaders and comrades and family of our dear promoted comrade. Praying for grace to follow Jesus as closely as she did."

As intimated in our last issue, Brigadier Burditt and Staff Captain Broder accompanied the remains to Toronto. Staff Captain Broder is the Matron of the Grace Hospital, and was with the Brigadier when she passed away. In a touching address she said how that on Tuesday afternoon as she sat by the bedside and gently stroked the brow of the sufferer she said to her, "You will soon be Home with Jesus, dear." The Brigadier, who had been in a comatose

condition opened her eyes, and looking up said, "Thank God soon to be with Jesus!" They were the last words she ever spoke in this world.

At 10 o'clock all the nurses—who had been most assiduous in the attentions to their sick comrade, and had spared absolutely nothing to increase her physical comfort or mitigate her pains—asssembled around the bed in prayer and watched the life slowly ebb away. Just about midnight the vital spark fled, whereupon they knelt around their lifeless comrade and consecrated themselves afresh to the service of the Master, who had called their comrade Home.

The Staff Captain paid a splendid tribute to the devotion and goodness of her late comrade.

The Commissioner then remarked that The Salvation Army, in the carrying on of its humane work became closely linked up with the authorities. The Brigadier had been the Police Court Officer for Toronto, and, as an evidence of the respect in which she was held by the authorities, we may say that not only had there been a constant stream of policemen to view the body during the morning, but several attended the meeting—two of them in a representative capacity, Chief Inspector Archibald, and Staff Inspector Stevens.

The Commissioner called upon Chief Inspector Archibald to address the audience. The Chief Inspector was evidently labouring under deep emotion so much so, that at first he was unable to speak. Mastering his feelings however, he said he would make no apology for weeping to-day, strong and stern though he was, and then proceeded to deliver an eulogy on the character of her who lay in the beflowered casket before him, that was alike creditable to the generous feelings of the speaker, and her who was spoken of. He told how she was a unique character and had the unbounded confidence and respect of all in the Police Court, with whom she came in contact including the Chief Magistrate. She had access to the police cells at all hours, so that those therein should have the benefit of her loving sollicitations, and in nearly every case those for whom she interceded, were handed into her care. The city would miss her, said the Inspector but God would carry on His work.

Mrs. Coombs also paid generous and touching tribute to her late fellow-worker.

(Continued on page 11.)



Borne to Her Last Resting Place by Devoted Comrades.

Salvationists Encamped at Dufferin Grove.

Sunday was a Glorious Day of Salvation, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs in Command.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR BRIGADIER STEWART RESULTS IN TWENTY-THREE SURRENDERS—FORTY SOULS FOR THE WEEK-END.

Other Items: The Commissioning of the Territorial Young People's Band—Farewell Meetings of Major and Mrs. Plant—Saturday Night's Meeting, Ten Souls—And Other Meetings.

THE second Sunday at the Camp was a day of rich blessing, and full of sacred memories of our promoted warrior comrade—Brigadier Stewart: It was an ideal day as regards weather conditions, the sun shining out of a cloudless sky, yet a slight breeze preventing its heat from becoming too oppressive. The fragrance of the pines filled the air, and the birds warbled blithely, and all Nature seemed to smile. Under such circumstances the Bible reading of the Commissioner in the morning meeting was especially appropriate. He read the 19th Psalm, which commences with the grand declaration, "The heavens de-

very bright and lively. After a few introductory remarks by the Commissioner, which served to put everyone into a happy frame of mind, and make them feel at ease, the Chief Secretary gave out the first verse of "Marching to Zion." He called on various members of the audience to give out the other verses. Lieut. Colonel Howell then prayed especially thanking God for answering prayer on behalf of our sick comrades—notably Lieut. Colonel Pugmire and Staff-Captain Easton. The whole congregation then joined in repeating the Lord's prayer after Lieut. Colonel Gaskin.

A song by the Staff Band followed,

The Chief Secretary then spoke. He related that when in Ottawa recently he met a man who attended the second meeting conducted by The Army in that city, twenty-four years ago. He was rich, yet weary of life, and dissatisfied with himself. A convert got up to speak, and his face shone as he said "Jesus satisfies me." This was all his testimony, but it convinced our comrade of the fact that only Christ can satisfy the soul of man, and he sought the cleansing stream. The Chief Secretary concluded by making a powerful appeal to young men and women not to enter the paths of worldliness, pleasure and sin, for they did not satisfy, but to

Lieut. Colonel Southall and Lieut. Colonel Howell, therefore, followed the Commissioner's lead in prayer. The Chief Secretary then read the 90th Psalm, that eloquent prayer of Moses the man of God, in which is set forth the eternity of God and the brevity of man's life. Mrs. Colonel Mapp then prayed that God would console and comfort the hearts of the bereaved relatives of our promoted comrade. The Male Voice Choir then sang.

An Officer who came out of Fergus, the birthplace of the Brigadier—namely, Staff-Captain White—was then called upon to speak a few words. He paid a glowing tribute to her worth and character, saying how greatly she had influenced him for good, and how much she had helped him in his soul struggles, by her godly counsel.

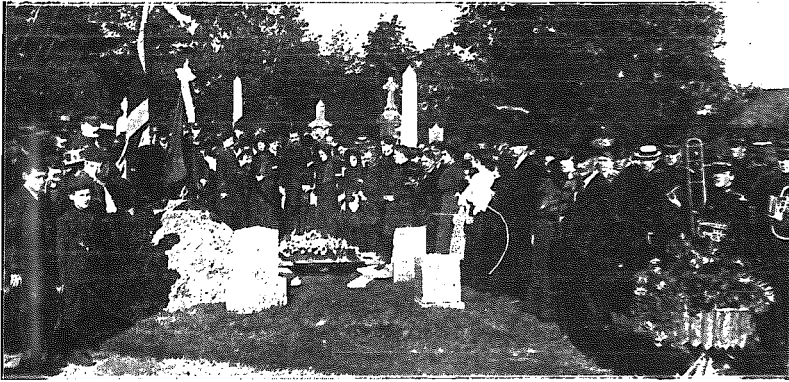
In endeavouring to describe her life and influence in one brief sentence, he expressed himself thus: "She was able to make the world feel that she lived in it without the manifestation of any outward enthusiasm."

Ensign Young then spoke a few words. She was labouring under deep emotion, feeling very keenly, the loss of her leader and friend but she bravely uttered a few sentences describing the Brigadier as a real Christian, and a thorough Salvationist. The Commissioner then preached a brief sermon on the text, "Be courageous also ready." He particularly drew attention to the fact that the Brigadier was ready for death, because she had many years ago acknowledged that she was a sinner before God had submitted to Him and had, in the years since, faithfully followed Him. He concluded with a strong appeal to all to live the life of a Christian, so that they might die the death of a Christian. A glorious response was witnessed to this stirring appeal, as one by one the penitents came forward until twenty-three were kneeling at the mercy seat. It was a sight over which our promoted comrade must surely have rejoiced. Truly, we could say that

God came down our souls to greet, And glory crowned the mercy seat.

MAJOR CAMERON'S MEETING.

Major Cameron was in charge on Wednesday night. She was assisted by the women Cadets, and also by Captain Weir and the West Toronto Band. Solos were sung by Captains Simpson, Morimore and Neff; Captain Weir spoke about his conversion and how he joined The Army, and Mrs. Captain Walker also gave a brief talk. The Band rendered



At the Graveside, Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

clare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech."

The Commissioner was assisted all day by Colonel and Mrs. Mapp, the T. H. Q. Staff and the Staff Band. We were also delighted to see a visitor from I. H. Q. present, in the person of Brigadier Noble.

The address of the Commissioner was based on the text, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." After referring to many great men whose names live in the pages of history, and mentioning their leading characteristics he drove home the question, "What sort of a name have you got?" This led up to the declaration and enforcing of the truth that men have in their own hands to make or mar their lives, and determine their eternal destiny. At the close of the service the Chief Secretary led a young man to the mercy seat, where he renewed his consecration to God's service.

A Rousing Fare and Easy.

The afternoon meeting was well attended and the proceedings were

"Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge" and then the Commissioner read the Scriptures and commented thereon. During his reading he espied an old comrade of former days—Brother Brown, a coloured comrade—and invited him on the platform to sing a song. The old white-haired negro readily responded and, after singing "In Thy cloist, O Rock of Ages," he gave his simple yet powerful testimony, telling how the Lord had brought him out of a sinful state and set him on the road to heaven. The Commissioner next espied Professor Hawley and invited him also to sing and speak. The Professor sang the song that has made his name famous in Army circles, "From The General down to me." He then gave a good testimony praising God for Salvation, and because He had led him into The Salvation Army to fight against the devil and sin. A song from Major Plant "Travelling on the good old way" proved a rouser for a Camp Meeting on a hot afternoon as did also a selection by the Staff Band.

come to Jesus. There was a gratifying response, for one after another, ten young men and women came forward and knelt in contrition at the mercy seat. It was a glorious finish to a meeting full of interest.

Impressive Memorial Service.

The tent was packed to its utmost capacity for the evening service, and it was evident from the start that a very powerful and impressive time was to be experienced. The meeting, opened by all singing "There is a better world." Then Major Cameron prayed, after which the Staff Band began to play the Dead March.

A procession now entered the tent, headed by the Commissioner, and composed of the Headquarters and Rescue Staffs. They filed slowly on to the platform, and a solemn hush fell on the assembly, as the Commissioner lifted his hand and prayed. There was a good deal of prayer in this meeting, as much prayer as speaking, for upon such an occasion as this the hearts of Salvationists are too full for utterance.

good service. The Major gave a striking evangelic address, bristling with red-hot truths, at the close of which, Ensign Bristow conducted a prayer meeting.

A HOLINESS CONVENTION.

On Friday, a holiness convention was conducted by Brigadier Potter, assisted by Major and Mrs. Miller, Adjutant Hancock and the Lippincott Street Band. A good crowd was present, and a time of great blessing was experienced. A solo by Brigadier Adby, "Make me a lover of Him," was very impressive. The testimony meeting was a lively one.

there being no lack of persons ready and willing to testify to the possession of a present day full salvation. The Brigadier spoke on the text, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

He gave a clear and convincing address showing that the cross, once considered shameful, has now become the chief attraction of millions of souls because of the substitution, sacrifice and love of the Son of God. He further showed that if we lift up Christ by our daily lives people will be drawn towards Him. The meeting concluded with a general consecration.

The T. Y. P. Brass Band.

The Boys and Their Bandmaster are Commissioned at the Camp, and Colours are also Presented—Colonel and Mrs. Mapp in Command.

THE commissioning of the Territorial Young People's Band was the great event at the Camp on Monday, June 28th, and a large crowd was present, filling the tent. The Chief Secretary was in charge of the proceedings and no doubt, he, in common with other proud parents, whose boys were in the Band, experienced a feeling of gratification, as they looked upon the fine lot of lads who sat on the platform, smart and soldier-like in their blue, black and red uniforms, and feeling very important as they flourished their brightly-polished brass instruments.

The opening selection was certainly appropriate to the occasion, and the future success of the Band is assured, if they catch the spirit of it. It was, "We believe we shall win if we fight in the strength of our King."

After a speech from the Chief Secretary, upon the importance of influencing the young in right directions, Lieut.-Colonel Southall conducted the ceremony of commissioning the Band boys. The commissions were handed to the boys by Mrs. Staff-Captain Fraser and Mrs. Adjutant Thompson.

After receiving their commissions, the boys played another selection entitled, "Men of Harlech," and did it excellently. Joimie Bond then, recited a short poem, the moral of which was that boys should be kind to their old people. The Local Officers of the Band now stood forward to receive their commissions. Brigadiers Rawling and Bond conducting this part of the service. There were three of them—John Gooch, Treasurer; Clayton Rawling, Secretary, and Ernest Wickett, Band-Sergeant.

After briefly outlining their duties and handing them their commissions, Brigadier Bond prayed that they might be given grace and wisdom, and the young men resumed their seats amid much hand-clapping. The Band then played the Darwells and Majesty selection, after which the Colonel invited all the parents of the boys on the platform. Wondering what was coming next, they all went forward, and found that they were required to assist at the commissioning of the Bandmaster, Ensign Stitt.

As that Officer came forward the Colonel impressed him with the fact

that all these parents were looking to him to take proper care of their boys while under his tuition, and at the same time, they were ready to cooperate with him in the work, so that he could feel that he had a strong force of sympathetic helpers at his back. The Colonel then warmly congratulated the Ensign on the splendid results of his efforts, upon which the whole audience shouted out, "God bless you."

The boys now all sang together, Jai Mapp accompanying on the piano. A trombone duet was the next item, and then the Colours were presented to the Band by Mrs. Colonel Mapp, assisted by Mrs. Staff-Captain Attwell and Mrs. Captain Walker.

The nature of a mysterious item on the programme about which there had been a good deal of speculation, was now divulged, and a beautiful haton, purchased by the boys out of their pocket-money, was presented to the Bandmaster. Ensign Stitt was agreeably surprised. In making a short speech, he said that he realised the responsibilities laid upon him, and in the strength of God would endeavour to be equal to them.

An amusing dialogue by several of the boys entitled "The Lazy Boy," was then given, and caused much hearty laughter. The last selection played by the Band was "Lead, Kindly Light," after which this very interesting meeting was brought to a close.

It might be mentioned here that the services of the Band have already been secured by Brigadier Taylor for a Provincial Young People's outing at the end of the month.

THURSDAY NIGHT AT THE CAMP.

The Staff Band Gives Musical Festival.

Lovers of music—and non-lovers for that matter—had a treat on Thursday night June 24th, at the Camp, when the Territorial Staff Band rendered a programme of music, such as is seldom heard anywhere. Lieut.-Colonel Howell the Band leader, presided over the assemblage, which nearly filled the big tent. Professor Hawley and Major Plant were present. The Band felt honoured by the presence of these famed musicians, who took no

little interest in the evening's proceedings.

The "Victorious Soldiers' March" started the programme with considerable gusto and then Captain Marshall sang one of his ever-welcome solos, "Songs of Scotland," delighted all, and of course, awoke tender memories in the hearts and minds of the children of Bonnie Scotland. "The Soldiers' Chorus" by the Male Choir met with hearty applause, as did Captain Pagniere's splendid euphonium solo, which was punctuated with bursts of cheers and hand-clapping. "Battle Strains" followed and then Captain Palmer gave, amid breathless suspense, a recitation, entitled "The Fireman's Wedding." An instrumental selection by Brigadier and Staff-Captain Morris, and Captains Pagniere and Myers, went well, also "The King's Highway" by the Male Choir, who afterwards sang a composition of Professor Hawley's, "Which way you go to take, brother?" The Euphonium march, "The Rock" and "We're Melodies," selections, all were ably rendered and much appreciated. Captain Myers gave a cornet solo. "Oh, 'tis beautiful," and the Choir sang before the festival closed with the singing of, "When I survey the wondrous cross," and the benediction by Lieut.-Colonel Howell.

TWO HOURS OF MUSICAL DELIGHT

Major and Mrs. Plant Conduct Their Last Service in Canada.

A splendid crowd gathered in the large tent to hear these world-wide celebrities play their many curious instruments, and for over two hours sat enthralled. It was a meeting in which there were no dull moments, for the lively little Major kept things heating, as he manifested such a diversity of gifts that everyone was astonished and captivated.

It was a striking object lesson of the fact that music, humour, and song—when consecrated to the service of God—can wonderfully lift us in lifting the world nearer to Heaven. And that is Major and Mrs. Plant's sole purpose in life. "There are two heaps in the world," he said, when introducing himself, "a big heap of misery and sin, and a small heap of joy. It has been my lifelong endeavour to reduce the larger heap and add to the smaller one and I am convinced that God will bless music to that end." To show that his argument was quite Scriptural he read the 23rd Psalm, in which David exhorts the people to praise the Lord with all sorts of musical instruments.

The Major then started up his favourite song which goes to a catchy tune. The chorus is as full of religion as some of the ancient hymns, and its simple statement of facts impresses people. This is it:—

"Come today and be a Soldier.
There's a lot of work to do;
God's cause possessing you can be a
Liesing."

"The Captain has a place for you."

Then, followed a marvellous concert duet by the Major and his talented wife. That over, the Major selected an instrument with ten strings and informed his audience that it was similar to the one David used to play. He called it a lute and said that it, above all instruments, most closely resembled the human voice when played. To demonstrate this fact, he himself made it speak.

We have not space for a description of all the instruments played, but we must say that some were "tearfully and wonderfully made." How it is possible to imitate a chiming of bells with a board, a few pieces of tin, and some wire, is a puzzle, but the Major did it all right. Then a solo was sung; a tune on the sleigh bells by Mrs. Plant, a Solo song, and a side-splitting description.

of a Zulu King's dinner party, a selection on the hand bells, a display of curiosities from various countries, and last, but by no means least, a tune or two from the wonderful aluminum chimes. The Major then thanked the people for their presence and attention, but we imagine the awe thought that all the thanks was due to the Major for his splendid service. It had acted as a regular "cheer up" to everybody. Brigadier Adby, who was supposed to be chairman, but whose duties were reduced to a minimum, then closed with prayer, and all heartily responded, "Amen," when he prayed that Major and Mrs. Plant might have a safe journey to England and sometime be privileged to visit Canada again.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Owing to the funeral of Brigadier Stewart, taking place on Saturday June 26th, it was deemed advisable to abandon the elaborate programme that had been arranged for this night, and have a simple salvation service instead. Brigadier Taylor, therefore, assisted by the Training College Staff and Cadets, was appointed to conduct the meeting, and a time of great blessing resulted. A bright testimony meeting was led by Ensign Bristow, and a solo was sung by Captain Morris. The Bandmaster then gave a stirring address, closing strongly to the unconverted to seek salvation. During the prayer meeting, ten souls came forward.

A TOBACCO SLAVE FREED.

Bandmaster Redburn Pays Visit.

New Westminster.—With all the rush in this city the S. A. is not behind. Within the past three months thirteen sons have knelt at the cross and claimed pardon. One man, who had been addicted to drink, and smoked on an average two pounds of tobacco weekly, got gloriously saved, and although the effect on his system was such that it meant going to the hospital for a few weeks, yet today he bears a beautiful testimony for Christ. On Sunday, June 6th, Bandmaster and Mrs. Redburn, from Vancouver, were with us. The Bandmaster's speaking, cornet solos, and the singing of his two little girls, were very much enjoyed.—Trickey.

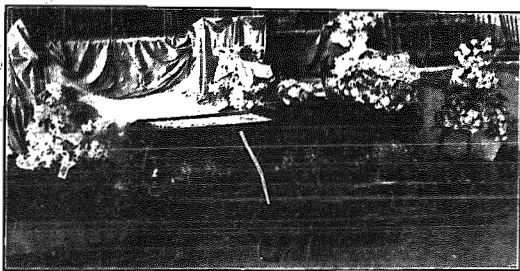
MAJOR McLEAN IN CHARGE.

The Devils Were Cast Out.

On June 12 and 13, Orillia was favoured with a visit from Major and Mrs. McLean. The Saturday night open-air rally was a blessed time to our souls. The holiness meeting was a heart-searching time, Major McLean's address stirring our hearts. At night the Ensign announced that devils would be cast out. Faith was rewarded—four souls were liberated from sin.—Mrs. Ensign Coy.

An impressive memorial service to departed comrades was conducted at Leger Street on a recent Saturday night by Adjutant McEneaney, of Riverton. Many views of glorious comrades were shown. Rev. Dr. Smith of the U. S. A., took part in the Sunday afternoon and night service at the invitation of Ensign Trickey. His instructive address and apt illustrations held his hearers thoroughly interested for some time. A splendid meeting was held, and a fair crowd, notwithstanding the Camp Meetings being held a few minutes' walk away.

St. John's I. Newfoundland.—The meetings on Sunday, June 24th, were led by our own Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Smith. The Adjutant's address was very impressive, and was directed to back home. Eight persons sought



The Casket in the Temple.

THE BURIAL OF Brigadier Stewart.

(Continued from page 8.)

low-worker. They had loved her long and well, said Mrs. Coombs, and had not waited until this hour to express their appreciation of her. The Brigadier was a Christian indeed, and in truth, if to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world were true religion, then the Brigadier, measured by that standard, was indeed truly religious. Mrs. Coombs also related several instances, showing the manner in which the Brigadier had endeared herself to the poor and unfortunate. An old woman had come into the Hall, had looked upon the peaceful face of the dead warrior and then in despairing accents had cried, "I have lost my best friend." She thereupon went out, and shortly afterward had returned bearing two or three roses, which she had purchased. This humble floral offering was placed upon the casket amidst grander wreaths, but at the cemetery these triumphs of the florists' art were lifted on one side, while the two or three detached roses fell upon the coffin and went down with the Brigadier into the grave.

After Mrs. Coombs had spoken, and Adjutant Sheard had sung, the Chief Secretary, in a most impressive manner, read a portion of the Apocalypse which described the New Jerusalem.

The Male Quartette then sang with wonderful feeling, "Crossing the Bar," and as the strains of melody lingered about the building, one couldn't help but share in the aspirations of the poet:

"I hope to see my Pilot's face,
When I have crossed the bar."

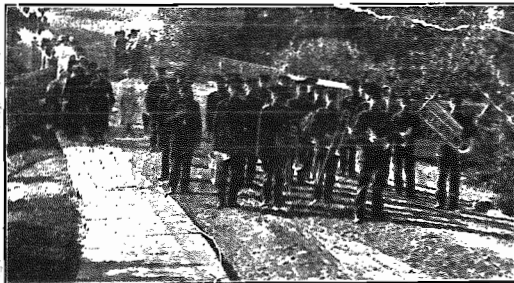
The Commissioner gave a very solemn and powerful address. He commented on the comfort it should give to the bereaved ones to know that of their family, one had been such a representative for God and humanity; and mingled with his tribute to the dead an exhortation to us who were living, to so apply our hearts unto wisdom that our last end should be like hers who would presently be taken to her long home.

The whole service was deeply impressive, and should make a mark for eternity. With the singing of the doxology, the service closed. The pall bearers took their places by the casket, and the whole audience reverently passed by for the last look at the dead.

The funeral procession was a lengthy one, and as it marched up Yonge Street towards Mount Pleasant Cemetery, the crowds that lined

the sidewalks could not help but be impressed with the fact that a great Salvation Army warrior was dead.

Two mounted policemen headed the procession, which was arranged in the following order, Captains Walker and Travis, bearing the Colours; the Staff Band the Toronto Soldiers, the Training Home Staff and the Cadets, the Lisgar Street Band, the hearse, and the carriages containing the Commissioner and the chief mourners. Along the route the Bands played in turn, appropriate airs, such as the "Dead March," "Jerusalem," and "Lead, Kindly Light." As the procession entered the cemetery the Staff Band played "Abide With Me."



The Staff Band on the Way to the Graveside.

A large crowd had gathered to witness the interment and take part in the final ceremony. The service at the graveside was short, but solemn and impressive. After all had sung, "Rock of Ages," Lieut. Colonel Gaskin led in prayer. Brigadier Burditt then gave a short address, speaking of the triumphant end of the Brigadier, and of her future reward. "We have lost a pillar," he said, "one who gave her life for humanity." He then urged all present to live for God as she had done, so that when they stood before God's Judgment Throne they should not be ashamed. At the suggestion of the Commissioner, all then sang, with uplifted hands, "I'll follow Thee." The reading of the burial service by the Commissioner, followed, and the coffin with its precious contents was lowered into the grave, "in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Colonel Mapp then closed the service with prayer, and another was added to the number lying in that sacred spot at Mount Pleasant.

The Funeral Service at Winnipeg.

A short service was held in the Winnipeg Citadel, on June 23rd in connection with the promotion to Glory of Brigadier Stewart. The Citadel Band was present and played appropriate music as the coffin was

brought into the auditorium, followed by the Officers.

Addresses were given by Ensign Butler, Adjutant Tudge, Staff-Capt. Broster, and Brigadier Burditt. Staff-Captain McAmmond read the Scriptures, and Staff-Captain Arnold soloed. After the service a procession was formed, and marched to the C. P. R. station, upon reaching which the Band played while the coffin was being taken to the train. The whole proceedings were very impressive.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

(The Toronto News.)

Brigadier Annie Stewart died this week in Winnipeg after a prolonged illness. According to the well-known phrase of The Salvation Army, when one of its Soldiers has died, she has been "promoted to Glory." The expression means little to the world at large, but to those who are familiar with the people of The Army, it tells of hard service carried on in a glow of love. Life is a warfare to a Salvation Army Officer. Death is promotion to Glory. The drum taps and songs, and volleys of a city street campaign grow faint and far away, and the tired Soldier wakes in a country of which goodness is the native air and where there is a great reward of happiness for people who chose on earth to love sinners.

The Salvation Army Officer is not taught to love one place or country more than another. But Toronto can

indomitable garrison who dedicate themselves to fight for good in the city. But her goodness was of the rarer type which is not met with more than once in a lifetime. When asked if she knew any reason why she and The Army should succeed when others failed, she said, smiling at the simplicity of her answer, "We are not afraid to put our arms around them, even if they have been in the gutter. Most people would find it inconvenient to give a woman who had been drinking dry clean clothing in the middle of the night." Her religion was love and commonsense. But the love was more than half Divine, and the commonsense was inexhaustible.

Brigadier Stewart was sixty years old when she died. Having lived without sparing herself in any way, she had completed her labours. No one can tell what good she has done, nor what beneficent influence will come from her example. There is an instinct deeper than reason in the heart of humanity, which knows that those who have done good are happy and that by doing good they have secured greater happiness for everyone. But the Soldier herself looked forward confidently to something better than that. As Brigadier Stewart's great and simple soul might say today using the words of Bunyan when Christian had reached the other side of the river, "You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of its never-fading fruit; and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity."

KLONDIKE NEWS.

(From the Dawson Paper.)

The Salvation Army will open work in Fairbanks during July. This will mark the first invasion of The Army into the lower Yukon country. No branch of the service has been conducted along the Yukon Valley beyond Dawson.

Ensign Johnstone has been commissioned to open the work in Fairbanks. Ensign Jensen went from Dawson to Fairbanks during the winter and arranged for the location of The Army there, and is returning to Dawson on the steamer "Campbell."

Ensign Johnstone leaves here about the last of June and proceeds to Fairbanks, accompanied by Lieutenants Wright and Waller, and Georgia Johnstone, the midget drummer. The Ensign probably will get a permanent Corps for Fairbanks, and then return to Dawson for the winter. Mrs. Johnstone and Adjutant Denno will be here during the absence of the others.

Mr. Davidson, of the Home Bakery, recently led one of the meetings.

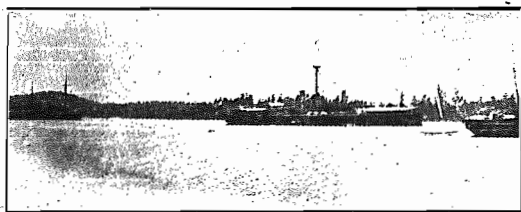
Halifax II.—On Saturday night one young man gave his heart to God. The meetings all day Sunday were good. Ensign Weir, from the Shelter, dropped in to see us in the afternoon; he also read the lesson at night. The Hall was full; the meeting went with a bang, and at the close two young boys, a newly married couple, and a young woman came forward.



The Hearts at

Naval Bases of the Empire.

A Description of Esquimault and Halifax.



The Harbour at Esquimault.

ESKUIMAUT, the key of the North Pacific, is the least known of all the great naval bases of the Empire," writes C. de Thierry in the Windsor Magazine. Seeing that it is the creation of the past twenty years, it has no history, and British Columbia, of which it is the sentinel, is a new country, acquired by peaceful development. The harbour of Esquimault is land-locked, nobly proportioned, and so safe that it can be entered at any hour of the day or night. Owing to the tenebrous blue clay of its bottom, ships find excellent anchorage, while its average depth of forty-five feet floats the Leviathans of the British Navy.

A Trio of Growing Cities.

In 1842 Victoria was founded as a trading-post. In 1887 Vancouver had no existence. Esquimault, until lately, was little more than a safe anchorage for the ships of war that patrolled the North Pacific. To-day the fleet is a thriving port with 35,000 inhabitants. The second is only second to the first, with a population of 27,000. The third is vital to British power in the Pacific as Port Arthur was to Russia before the war.

Esquimault is connected by rail with the coal mines of Nanaimo. It has a fine dry-dock, which admits the largest ships afloat, a naval hospital, an arsenal, stores, and a roping-shop. It is strongly fortified, and garrisoned by Canadian troops. The cost of maintaining it has been borne by the Dominion Government since last year.

The future of this trio of cities is assured. Behind them is a province with untold wealth in gold, coal, iron, and other minerals; fisheries, timber, and furs. Facing it across the ocean is the Orient; north of it, the Yukon El Dorado. It stands midway between England and Australia. Its climate is healthy, and owing to the mild influence of the Kuro Siwo, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, it is pleasant to live in. As a summer resort, the Island of Vancouver is unsurpassed. The forests are full of game, the waters teem with fish, the scenery is magnificent, the roads in the neighbourhood of Esquimault are excellent either for driving or cycling, and beautiful with luxuriant hedges and gardens. Victoria is unique, inasmuch as it stands out from wooded hills, snow-capped mountains, and glittering arms of the sea.

Canada's Eastern Sentinel.

If the western sentinel of the Canadian Pacific Railway is the newest of the Empire's strong places, Halifax, its eastern sentinel, is one of the oldest. It is the capital of Nova Scotia, which was discovered by Cabot in 1497, and for a hundred years was one of the battle-grounds of England and France

are mounted, so that in attempting to enter the harbour an enemy's ship would be exposed to a murderous cross-fire.

An Imposable Citadel.

The most striking feature of Halifax is the Citadel, which crowns a hill rising gently from the water's edge. The massive walls defy assault, the barracks within are bomb-proof, guns of the latest pattern sweep city and harbour. The original Citadel works were begun by the Duke of Kent, but since his time endless changes and additions have been made, until it is now a fortress worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Gibraltar and Malta.

From the Citadel the view is superb. Behind roll out fertile green plains, dotted with white cottages and bounded by undulating ranges of hills. Directly opposite, in Dartmouth, a small town picturesquely situated at the base of verdant, wet-wooded hills, and lengthened shorewards with the villa residences of Halifax merchants. Below are the ships of His Majesty's Navy riding at anchor, and the ships of the twenty lines of steamers which regularly trade with the port. And everywhere water is a feature of the landscape. To the distance is the heaving Atlantic, nearer at hand is the sea running to a point called the Narrows, beyond which it opens out into Bedford Basin, surrounded by lofty pine-clad hills. From another point of view spreads out the most beautiful park on the North American Continent.

Market Day at Halifax.

Saturday is the great market-day of Halifax, and it is the day when the life of the city is seen in its most picturesque and varied aspect. Among the sellers the most striking are the negroes, the Miocene Indians, and the sea-dogs, descendants of the French, who wandered back to the old home. The

"HARPS OF GOLD."

(Continued from page 3.)

so clearly, and the refusal of the people to open the door and admit Him into their hearts and lives, that I decided to write a song to second anything The General might say on the platform. I got the idea very early one Sunday morning, and as I composed the last verse the fountain of my soul burst, and I could only find relief in weeping. This song I have sung round the world."

But one of the Co'one's best songs is to a well-known air, and runs as follows:—

Well I remember those days long ago,
When like a river my peace used to flow—
Days when I knew all my sins were forgiven,
Happy those days when my name was in Heaven.

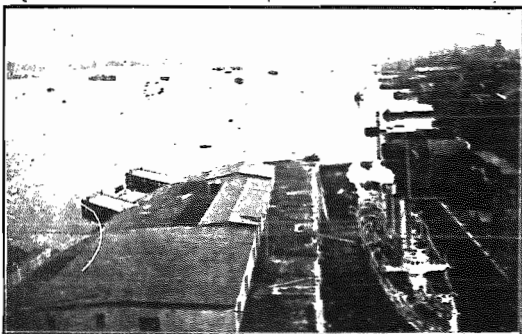
Save me again, save me again,
Heal my backslidings and save me again;
Though chief of sinners, Thou Lamb that was slain,
Heal my backslidings and save me again.

There is a song for Salvation Meetings, written by Major W. Green, which has been specially blessed in the conversion of souls. Its chorus is the familiar strain in gatherings where sinners are exhorted to come forward:—

Guiltily lost sinner, from God thou hast wandered,
Far o'er the mountains of folly and sin.

Jesus is calling in love and in mercy,
Guiltily lost sinner, come with thy sin.

Come with thy sin, come with thy sin,
Jesus is calling, come with thy sin.



Halifax Harbour and Dry Dock.

"Green Market," which is densest near the Post Office, is also novel on account of the horned cattle harnessed to carts in which many of the country people carry their produce. From an early hour in the morning the footpaths are lined on either side of the road with white and coloured people, who travel many a weary mile with baskets, fancy work, vegetables, fruit and flowers. Men, women and children sit or squat beside their little stalls, while the good people of Halifax buy in the same leisurely way. As becomes a town with a tradition a growth of a century and a half, and a future, it is more dignified than hurried.

The climate of the Province is severe in winter, hence the origin of the nickname of a Nova Scotia is "Blue-nose."

Cranbrook, B. C.—The visit of Sergeant-Major Willis and Bandsman Rhoades, from Fernie was a great help and blessing. The devil had a good flogging. One soul knelt at the mercy seat for salvation.—W. C. C.

Betwoodville.—Our Sergeant-Major has recently been leading on. Two backsliders have returned, and on Sunday, June 13th, five souls danced, and danced, and danced for their joy was full.—Mrs. G.

Peterborough.—The Songsters led on during the week-end, June 19-20. Mrs. Staff-Captain Walton ably assisted them. At night one soul found salvation.—C. Harrison.

Just two more. As might reasonably be expected of one whose soul is full of the music he creates and criticises, Brigadier Slater has given us songs which will never die. One of his best is:—

Jesus see me at Thy feet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;

Thou alone my need canst meet,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

No! no! Nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging.

To Thy Cross, O Lamb of God!
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

The other song is one which rang in every Army meeting in the kingdom years ago, when its author, Commissioner Eva Booth, wrote it.

It breathes the spirit of "Rock of Ages, clothe me," and once more points the sinner to his only hope, his only plea. What visions of past triumphs these words bring up! What crowded meetings! The intense feeling which, like a wave lifted the experience of all to higher faith and victory—the rush of penitents to the mercy-seat—and the surge of the Commissioner, with the flash of gladness to her face, leading the singing!

Dark shadows were falling,
My spirit appalling.

For bid in my heart sin's deep crimson stains lay;

And when I was weeping,



Photograph of the Canadian Regiment. The King's soldiers are forward, ready to retain that high standard of physical fitness which is required of The Army.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.



Band-Sergeant Charlie Mark
Of the Andlmaul Corps, who was brought to God from heathenism through the instrumentality of The Salvation Army. His heathen name was "Gunaou," the meaning of which is "frog."

COMMISSIONER BOOTH HELLBERG.

The Stockholm obsequies have made a great impression on the city. The route of the funeral procession was lined for miles with vast crowds of people. The crush at the cemetery was so great that the police closed the gates and refused to allow more people to enter. The Temple was crowded both morning and evening. The press in Stockholm gave long accounts of the proceedings, some accompanying the descriptions with photos of the procession and service in the cemetery.

Mrs. Booth-Hellberg passed through a great ordeal on Sunday, but on Monday her condition was such as would lead us to hope she would soon recover her usual health. Her earnest pleading for souls at the graveside is in every way worthy of The General's daughter.

Mrs. Booth and the Foreign Secretary, with other representatives of I. H. Q., have now returned to London.

NORWAY.

Lieut.-Colonel Roussel sends the following suggestive paragraph relative to the Y. P. Organisation of the Christiania III. Corps: "They have 50 Senior Locals (not including Bandsmen); 25 Y. P. Locals and 43 Company Guards. Also 18 Corps Cadets and 14 Candidates. There are over 600 children's names on the Company Register, of whom 50 are over 14 years old. No fewer than 25 workers were present at the preparation

The past o'er me creeping,
I heard of the Blood which can wash
sin away.

The wounds of Christ are open,
Sinner, they were made for thee;
The wounds of Christ are open,
There for refuge flee.

The battle of Army music vibrates with happy songs. As you hear them you seem to catch the tramp of the feet of many warriors, with faces radiant with happiness, calling upon the crowd who watch their march to join the ranks of the fighters for God. There have been times when it cost something to sing such songs in face of the hostile mob or the cool contempt of critics, but the song has a note of conquest in it:—

Then if a soldier you would be,
Come along and go with me;
'Neath our Banner, 'Blood and Fire,'
stand to arms!

class. At the meetings, the platform is overflowing with uniformed Soldiers, who stick to the prayer meeting to the end. Last night we finished at 11 o'clock with 5 souls. The Corps is in good fighting trim." Well done, Christians!

HOLLAND.

The annual Field Day, which will be held in the park of a nobleman near to Haarlem, will take place on Wednesday, June 30th. It will be conducted by Commissioner Railton and Commissioner Ridsdel.

The Dutch Farm Colony is going to be represented at an important exhibition of farming products at Deventer from July 21st to 24th. Our people are hard at work preparing to make a worthy display. According to the opinion of experts, our crops on the Colony are in excellent condition, and promise a splendid harvest.

SWITZERLAND.

Many of the Swiss Officers are doing their best to make use of the opportunities presented by the summer months to reach the people in the open-air, both residents and visitors. At one small Corps an open-air meeting was being held at the station. Just then an express train drew up and a rather serious and reserved looking man got out. He stopped to listen to the speaking, and then came up to the Officer, saying that he felt he ought to be converted. He was taken to the Hall and prayed with, and there is every reason to believe that he got properly saved.

ITALY.

Brigadier Jeannomon has just been visiting Faeto where a large Corps has been built up. He writes that proposals are on foot for starting a Shelter, a sewing class, and a school for the children. Eleven instruments have been obtained, and practices are going forward so that it is believed the Band will soon be able to make a start. Adjutant Maria Scavia is remaining at Faeto for a fortnight to conduct special meetings.

INDIA AND CEYLON.

A session of the Central Training Home was opened on June 1st at Bombay, in a fine building which has just been purchased at Byculla, Bombay. The well-known Headquarters, which we have occupied for so many years on the Bombay Esplanade.

Perhaps still better is that marching song,

God is keeping His Soldiers fighting,
with its fine chorus in quick time, to be sung again and again. There is hardly anything better in the Song Book. Two verses must be given here:—

God is keeping His Soldiers fighting,
Evermore we shall conquerors be;
All the hosts of He'll are uniting
But we're sure to have victory.
Though to beat us they've been trying.

Our Colours still are flying,
And our Flag shall wave for ever,
For we never will give in.

We will follow our conquering Saviour,

From before Him He'll's legions
shall fly;
Our battalions never shall waver,

ade, has passed into the hands of the Railway Company, the site being required for extensions which are being made.

Colonel Yuddha Bai (Bannister), accompanied by Brigadier Daleri Singh (Melling), recently visited the Shevgoan Division. At one village meeting the Colonel dedicated thirteen children under the Flag. Offers of land as sites for schools and Officers' Quarters were made in two villages. The people gave evidence of sincere friendship, for promises of cash and labour were made should we decide to build.

We regret to say that later news gives a somewhat disquieting account of the condition of Colonel Yuddha Bai's health. She was compelled to visit the Poona Hospital in order to undergo an operation.

Major Christo Charan (Bowie), the Educational Secretary for the Gulerat Territory, has spent a week in the Panch Mahals District, during which he visited 15 villages and inspected 13 schools. He was greatly struck with the improvement which has taken place during the recent years. The children have made great progress from a scholastic point of view, and a number of Bheel boys did very well in the Directory Lessons.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Adjutant David Thomas, the D. O. for the Republic of Uruguay, accompanied by his wife and two children, has arrived in England on furlough. The Adjutant has joined the Session now in progress at the Staff College. He reports that the War is forging ahead in South America. A cable is just to hand intimating that the Self-Denial Effort recently concluded has resulted in \$14,600 being raised, as against last year's total of \$13,190.

KOREA.

Whilst Colonel Hoggard and Major Bonwick were running after a transcar one evening, for the purpose of going to the meeting at Seoul II., the Major unfortunately failed to notice a deep cutting which had been made in the road, and fell right into it. He broke his left wrist, besides sustaining severe cuts and bruises. He received kind attention at the hospital to which Colonel Hoggard conveyed him, and it is hoped he will get over the effects of the accident in the course of a few weeks.

Three Circle Corps have now been opened in a district about 100 miles

They're determined to conquer or die.

From Holiness and Heaven,
We never will be driven;
We will stand our ground for ever,
For we never will give in.

No, we never, never, never will give in, no we won't;
For we mean to have the victory, for ever.

Any army can only depend upon its effective strength; and we sometimes hear as regards the soldiers whose warfare is carnal not spiritual, that it is possible to have a "paper army"—long numbers with short reality; but in The Salvation Army every man and woman is a fighter, and whatever their work is, or however small may be the limits of their sphere, they must fight a battle for the Lord. He goes before, the Captain of our Salvation, the Leader of faithful souls, who will not waver, come what may.

south of Seoul, with native probationary Lieutenants in charge. The outlying Societies connected with these Corps are at a distance of eight or ten miles but Korean Officers think nothing of a walk of this distance. In most of these places houses have either been purchased or lent for the purpose of holding meetings. In some cases the purchase of the building cannot be undertaken until the autumn, when the sale of the rice drops makes money-getting easier.

Major Bonwick and Ensign Milton recently visited this part of the country, and experienced a great amount of kindness at the hands of the people. In most cases a room was specially cleaned out and papered for their use, and frequently food was prepared for them.

A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp at St. Catharines.

St. Catharines. — Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, assisted by Major and Mrs. Green, led a very successful week-end on June 12-13. The Soldiers were delighted to have the privilege of listening to the beautiful messages of such a warrior as Colonel Sharp.

A beautiful crowd gathered in the park for the afternoon meeting. At night the Hall was well filled. One woman who had never been saved before, was the first to volunteer to the mercy seat, and before the meeting closed, six others came back to God.

During the evening meeting Muriel Elizabeth Cain, daughter of Bandmaster and Mrs. Cain, was dedicated to God and The Army by Colonel Sharp. It seemed rather fitting that, as Colonel Sharp married these comrades some time ago, that he should also dedicate their daughter.—M. L. H.

The last Sunday that the Toronto I. Corps spent in the old Hall was a very enjoyable one. Fairly good crowds attended. Brigadier Bonwick took the meeting at night, and three came to the mercy seat.



Corps-Cadet Johnson, of Edmonton Corps, who collected \$115 for Self-Denial. Can any other Corps Cadet beat that? She is also a War Cry booster, and sells thirty-five copies weekly.—Adjutant Scott.

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TO READ
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CHAPTERCHAPTER XX.
THROUGH THE BOSPHORUS.

NEXT day as the three sailors were sitting in front of the cafe where they boarded, watching the stream of human beings flowing over Galata Bridge, Herman ventured to introduce the topic of Mohammedanism into the conversation.

"That was a fine mosque we visited yesterday, wasn't it?" he commented.

"Good enough for the Turks," growled old Sven, who seemed to be in a bad humour that day.

"Ah, my friend," said Pietro, "you ought to see St. Peter's at Rome. It is the most beautiful building in the world and yonder place seems to me to be like a big whitewashed barn in comparison to it. In St. Sophia there are no beautiful images, no pictures, no tapestries, no gorgeous altars, all is so bare and cold. Bah! I could not help but shudder yesterday, as I looked around and thought that these barbarous Turks had desecrated what was once a Christian Church, and made it hideous."

"Yes," said Sven, "I noticed whilst in the galleries that in many places there were signs of some carved work having been obliterated away. I made a guess that that was where the sign of the cross used to be, and I tell you, after I made this discovery I crossed myself pretty often and prayed to the saints to protect me, till I got out of such an accursed place."

"But don't you think the religion of Mohammed is as good as the Jews' Religion, or the Christian religion?" asked Herman. "I am very much impressed with the sincerity of these people, and I am almost persuaded to believe that they are right, and that is the rest of us are wrong."

"A religion that can't count the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ will never satisfy me," said Sven, "so there's an end on't."

After that, Herman could get him to talk no more about the matter, and he let it drop. Not many years hence, however, he was destined to come face to face with a religion with a cross in it, in a manner he little dreamt of then.

Shortly after the above conversation, a sea captain entered the cafe and loudly called for some coffee, and speaking in the German language, Herman started. He had not heard anyone speak German for many months.

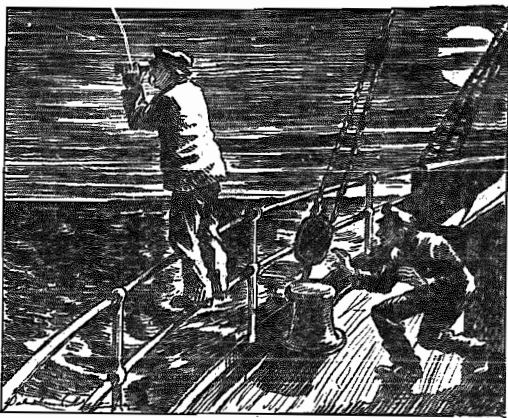
"I perceive that you are a German, sir," he said, addressing the captain.

"That's so," said the captain, and who might you be?"

Herman was not long in making himself acquainted, and the subject of the matter was, that the three sailors were engaged by the captain on the spot, for he was badly in want of a crew to sail his vessel out of Constantinople.

Herman was delighted at the thought of going to sea in a German vessel. "Now, we shall have a much better time," he said to his companions, but, as events proved, he was sadly mistaken.

Early next morning the "Camilla," the ship on which Herman now himself, was called slipped out of the Golden Horn, and commenced its journey up the Bosphorus bound for the land in company of a crew of sixteen sailo: journey through the narrow strait, which divides two seas, was of great interest to all, particularly as his friend pointed out the things that he had not seen of the Sultan's palaces. "It



Nearer and Nearer He Crept.

say that Abdul Aziz is squandering millions on building palaces, while his Empire is going to ruin. The Turks won't stand it much longer. I'm thinking."

He thought right, for a few years later, the unhappy Sultan was deposed by his people and in his chagrin and humiliation committed suicide.

As they sailed along, Sven pointed out still more of the Sultan's palaces, magnificent and costly edifices built on hills and surrounded by beautiful forests. The residences of various Pashas, wealthy merchants, and foreign ministers, also dotted the shores of the strait for many miles.

The scenery on either side was enchanting to the eye, steep wooded hills arising on either side, with beautiful valleys intersecting them at intervals, in which lay picturesque little towns and villages.

Pointing to one of these hills on the Asiatic side, Sven said, "That is called the Giant's Mountain and the Turks say that it is where Joshua was buried."

"Nonsense," said Herman, "Joshua was buried in Mount Ephraim, according to our Hebrew books."

"Oh, well, I was only telling you what the Turks say," said Sven, "but others say that it is Hercules who was buried there. So as nobody is quite certain as to whether the tomb of either of them is there, you can take your choice."

"Who was Hercules?" asked Herman.

"Oh, he was a sort of strong man among the Greeks, like Samson was among the Jews," said Sven. "I remember hearing once about his cleaning out a stable that hadn't been swept for years by turning a river into it. There are all sorts of yarns told about these old places around here, and I tell you its wonderful interesting to know what happened



The Scenery on Either Side Was Enchanting.

thousands of years ago on the spots you visit. They do say now, that through this very strait sailed a fellow called Jason in search of a Golden Fleece. He had adventures enough every day to make your hair stand on end, but he always came out all right and lived to tell the tale to his countrymen."

"What a tale I will have to tell to my countrymen," said Herman "after visiting all these famous places."

A little later Sven informed Herman that they were passing the ideal spot where Darius, the Persian king, marched an immense army over on a bridge of boats, and also where in later times the Crusaders crossed on their way to rescue the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem from the grasp of the Moslems. "On yonder hill," said Sven, "lives a Dervish to whom the Turkish sailors go to ask him to pray for them before they enter the Black Sea, but I don't see any signs of our captain stopping to pray for a favourable wind from the old man. Well, we'll soon be saying good bye to Turkey now."

"It is a most beautiful country, from what I have seen of it," said Herman.

"Eh, lad, but you'd be sorry to live in it," said Sven, "see those poor fishermen over there hauling in their nets full of fish? Before they can sell one of them they have to go right down to Constantinople and let the Government take its share. Then they can sell what's left. It's the same way with the farmers. They have to give one-tenth of all they raise, to the Government and then, before they can store any grain in their barns they have to get it inspected by a tax surveyor. If he doesn't wish to come they have to bribe him, or else their grain rots in the field. Yes, Turkey is a lovely country, but the Turks are barbarians. No wonder the people they rule over say that where the Turk comes the grass never grows. I hope I shall live to see the day when they are driven out of Europe."

The "Camilla" now entered the Black sea, as the vast inland lake bounding the South of Russia is called. By early Greek explorers this sheet of water was named the Asius or "inhospitable Sea." Later explorers, however, termed it the Pontus Euxinus or "Hospitable Sea," which apparent contradiction may be explained by stating that the Black Sea has its friendly and treacherous moods. It was decidedly friendly when the "Camilla" sailed across its broad bosom, and the voyage to Russia was very quickly made.

It was now that Herman began to find out that he had made a very

sorry bargain for instead of receiving better treatment at the hands of the Germans, he was made the butt of both officers and men and led a regular dog's life. Strange to say, one of the first difficulties he encountered was in regard to the language. As was to be expected, he had no knowledge of the Russian language. His training on board an English ship, and whilst on board the Russian ship had been accustomed to taking orders from the captain in English. His nautical vocabulary was thus an English one, and so when he was told to do things in German he got mixed even though German was his native language. The sailors could not understand this, and he was unmercifully chaffed for being such an ignoramus. The first mate went further, and ropes-ended poor Herman till his body was sore. One day matters reached a climax. As the ship lay at anchor off the coast of Russia, the mate ordered Herman up aloft to loosen the sails. He loosened the main sail and the lower topsail, and was busily engaged in loosening the upper topsail when the mate shouted to him to come down. Only one gasket remained to be loosed, and he told the mate so.

"Never mind that, come down," said the mate, and Herman was forced to obey. A few hours later, the captain gave the order to hoist sail, as he was going to move into deeper water, where he could obtain a better anchorage.

"Don't attempting to carry out this order," said Herman, "discovered that one gasket on the upper topsail was not loosed, and thus some delay was caused."

"Whose fault is that?" asked the captain. "It is that lubber of a German we took aboard at Constantinople," said the mate.

"But you told me to leave the gasket fast," said Herman.

"Don't argue with me," said the mate; then, in a lower tone, he added, "I'll fix you for this."

Soon the sails were hoisted, and the ship moved to her fresh anchorage about five miles away.

That evening, as Herman was sitting by himself on the forecastle deck, the mate came up to him.

Herman he said, "you know what you did, now you're sorry, and you are going to get your share and pulling a piece of rope from his pocket, he began to behave the unfortunate sailor till he screamed for mercy. That night Herman crept into his bunk feeling very sore in body and very vindictive in his heart at the unjust treatment accorded him.

"I'll get even with you yet, Mr. Mate," he muttered "just wait till I get a chance." Then he fell into a troubled slumber.

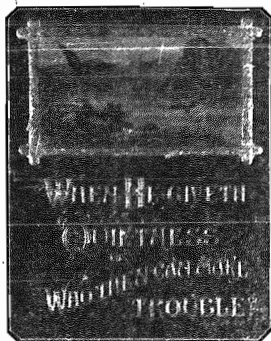
A few nights later, the chance he had been waiting for came. The "Camilla" was now on her return journey, loaded with rice, and was slowly sailing across the calm moonlit waters of the Black Sea, with every sail outspread to catch the breeze. As Herman prowled around the deck, he noticed the mate emerge from his cabin and go to the side of the ship. Something on the German must have attracted his attention, for he leaned far over the rail, and then clambered on top of it, looking at some object in the distance through a pair of field glasses.

"Now is my chance," thought Herman, "one push, and he is overboard, and then I shall be revenged."

With a tread as stealthy as a panther's on the track of its prey, he crept along the deck. The demon of vengeance had complete possession of him, and he thought nothing of the awfulness of the crime he intended to commit or of the consequences to himself. His sole thought was to destroy his hated enemy. Nearer and nearer he crept. Now he

(Continued on page 16)

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the knowledge of His will." "He will bless them that fear the Lord."

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1 And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's
Blood
Died He for me who caused His pain?
For me who Him to death put—
Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou my God, shouldst die for
me?

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and Nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke! the dungeon flamed with
light,
My chains fell off, my heart was
free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

Tune — I will follow Thee, B. B. 144.
2 Jesus I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Though I be despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Perish every ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Man may trouble and distress me
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Free and Easy.

3 Come let us join our cheerful
songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues.

But all their joys are one,
"Worthy the Lamb that died," they
cry,
To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb" our hearts reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive,
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be Lord, for ever Thine.

Tunes—Now I can read, B. B. 54;
Charming name B.B. 26.

4 My God, the spring of all my joys,
To Thee the life of my delights;
O how I love Thy brightest days,
Thence I find comfort of my nights.

So we'll all stand the storm, for it
won't be very long,
And we'll anchor by-and-by.

In darkest shades if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's Bright Morning
Star,
And Thou my Rising Sun.

Salvation.

Tunes—Calcutta, 164; Take salvation,
170.

5 Hark! the Gospel news is sound-
ing,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for a rich and free,
Now, poor sinner,
Look to Him Who died for thee,
Oh, escape to yonder mountain!
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain;
Come and wash your sins away;
Do not tarry,
Come to Jesus while you may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From my Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish,
All may live, for Christ has died.

Tunes—Better world, 122; We're
travelling home, 129.

6 Behold! behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross
For us He shed His precious blood,
On the cross.

Oh, hear His all important cry:
"Why perish, those bought sinner,
why?"
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross.

Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
On the cross,
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross,
The rocks do rend, the mountains
quake,
While Jesus doth salvation make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends
We will search for missing persons in all of the globe's
battered, and as far as possible, assist wronged women and
children in any difficulty. Address Communications: The-
se, in Canada or Alberta: Toronto, and Mark "Kagany" on
the envelope. One dollar a copy of a notice is desired to be
inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars
a month will be charged. Notices must be sent with the
editorial, and friends are requested to look regularly through
this column and notify that the missing person if they are able to
any information about person advertised for.

First Insertion.

7069. SIMPSON, FRANK. Age 23;
height 5ft., 10in.; dark hair blue
grey eyes fresh complexion; lobe of
one ear is large. Came to Canada
with intention of farming, but has
been working on the Grand Trunk
Pacific Railway. Was last heard from
at Mather, Manitoba, October 13th,
1907.

7074. SCOTT, WALLACE. Age 42;
height 5ft., 5in.; brown hair turning
grey; brown eyes dark complexion;
rather deaf; teeth missing from the
upper jaw; carpenter by trade. Lived
in West Hamilton, Ont., some twelve
months ago.

7312. LARSON, or LARSAN, SE-
VERT DANIEL JOHN LINN. Age
37; medium height; light hair light
eyes; stout. Went to Minnesota
seven years ago, intended to stay five
years and then return home, but after
one year's absence he has not been
heard of. News wanted.

7300. WILSON, MRS. (SARAH
HEATHER.) Left England in 1907,
and when last heard of, was in Can-
ada. News wanted as to her present
whereabouts.

Second Insertion.

7304. WALKER, WM. THOMAS.
BERTWELL. Age 22; height 5ft. 2
or 3in.; dark brown hair; brown
eyes, and dark complexion; left arm
short. Not heard of since July, 1908.
Was then supposed to have been en-
gaged in a hotel in Canada, as chef
cook. Came from England.

7185. MACKIE, ALEX. Last known
to be living on Farley Ave. Toronto.
News is urgently wanted of this
young man.

7206. TAYLOR MAGGIE. Was last
known to be working as a domestic
at Eginton. It has been rumoured
that she married a man by the name
of Dutton, also that she was working
in a restaurant in Toronto. She is
English, and comes from Manchester.
Tall, very fair and wears glasses.

7299. ROSE, WM. WILCOX. Age
22. Left St. John's, Nfld., April, 1899.
Last heard of in 1902 at Hotchkiss
County, Colorado, twelve miles from
Denver. Supposed to be a miner,
and said to be a subscriber to the
Denver Post. Dark complexion, and
tall. Father died this spring and
mother is very anxious. Locust
awaits him on discovery. (See photo-
graph.)



7299. Rose Wm. 7298. Haynes, W.A.

7298. HAYNES, WESLEY A. Age
49; black eyes; weighs about 160 lbs.;
height 5ft., 7in. Was last heard of
at Vancouver, B. C., six years ago.
Any information will be gladly re-
ceived by his mother. (See photo-
graph.)

7326. LINDSAY, TIMOTHY, CHAS.
Came to Canada some time since, about
the year 1891, and has since been
far as is known. His last address
was General Post Office, Toronto. He
has been in Dr. Barnardo's Home.
He is about 30 years of age.

7315. SPOONER, MISS MARIA.
Left Staffordshire, England, about
twenty years ago for Victoria, B. C.
News wanted as to her whereabouts.
She belonged to The Army.

7317. HATWARD, ARTHUR. Age
20; height 6ft., 1in.; dark brown hair;
brown eyes; sallow complexion; was
a reporter for a time in Montreal.
Two small bald spots on his head.
Missing since September, 1908. Last
address was Oberon, P. O., Canada.
May have gone West.

7322. ROBSTAD, ANDERSEN, Nor-
wegian; age 28; height medium; light
hair and blue eyes. Last heard of in
1905 and was then at Campbellton,
N. B. He used to work in the
woods. Parents very anxious.

POGASELSKY, THE JEW.

(Continued from page 14.)

was behind the mainmast, on a few
feet separated him from his victim.
Should he make one sudden dash
across the little patch of deck that
was illuminated by the moonlight, or
should he creep cautiously behind the
maste? He decided to take the latter
course of action. Stepping out from
the shadow, therefore, he noiselessly
advanced towards the ship's side.
Only a foot between him and the
mate now, and the latter is not con-
scious of the presence of his would-be
murderer. Ah, now you will
recognize no more poor sailors!"
chuckled Herman to himself, and he
stretched out his hand to give the
fatal push.

(To be continued.)

Arnold's Cove.—Sunday June 20th.
was a day of blessing to our souls.
The meetings presided by Captain
Moulton. In the close of the night
meeting a backslider came to the
mercy seat, and again sought the
Saviour's face.—J. H.

Winnipeg 1.—On June 24th an ice
cream social was held. No. III.
Corps united with us, and the Bar-
acks was nicely filled. A short pro-
gramme of music and song was given.
Ensign Taylor and other Officers
were present.—M. A. J.

The Revival and Musical Trio.

(Led by Adjutant Habkirik.)
Geo, Ontario—July 10th, 11th, 12th.
Geo, Michigan—July 13th, 14th.
Thessalon—July 15th, 16th.
Sudbury—July 17th, 18th, 19th.
Parry Sound—July 20th, 21st.
Huntsville—July 22nd to 26th.
Brampton—July 27th to Aug. 2nd.
Midland—Aug. 3rd and 4th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Buntton—West Ont. Prov.—
Essex, July 8, 9; Windsor, July 10-
12.

Bothwell, July 12, 14; Chatham,
July 15, 16; Dresden July 17-19; Wal-
laceburg, July 20, 21; London 1,
July 22; London 11, July 23.

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—
Ottawa 1, July 10-12; Ottawa 11,
July 14-16; Renfrew, July 17-19; Pem-
brooke, July 20-22; Yarmouth, July
26-27; Clark's Harbour, July 28, 29;
St. Lucie, July 30; Liverpool July
31, August 1; Bridgewater, Aug. 2, 3;
Lunenburg Aug. 4, 5.

Captain Sackus—Eastern Province—
Woods'ock, N. B. July 9-12; Fred-
erickton July 13; St. John, July 14-22;
Fredericton, July 23-25; Yarmouth, July
26-27; Clark's Harbour, July 28, 29;
St. Lucie, July 30; Liverpool July
31, August 1; Bridgewater, Aug. 2, 3;
Lunenburg Aug. 4, 5.

Captain Lloyd—West Ont. Prov.—
Meaford July 7, 8; Stainer, July
9; Collingwood, July 10, 11; Barrie,
July 12, 13; Stroud, July 14; Orillia,
July 15, 16; Gravenhurst, July 17, 18;
West Gravenhurst July 19, 20; Brace-
bridge, July 21-23; Huntsville, July
24-26; Barrie, July 27-29; Sand-
wich, July 30, 31; North Bay, July
31, August 1, 2.

The Chief Secretary, COLONEL MAPP,

WILL

Commission the Present Session of Cadets

IN

The Temple, on Monday, July 12.

ALL THE CITY CORPS WILL UNITE.

The Territorial Staff and Temple
Bands will Furnish Music.

ENSIGN BRISTOW WILL FAREWELL.

Colonel & Mrs. Mapp

will visit.

OWEN SOUND.—SATURDAY AND
SUNDAY, JULY 10th and 11th.

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER

will visit.

ST. JOHN, (Councils).—July 14th.
LIVERPOOL.—July 17th and 18th.
HALIFAX, (Inspection).—July 19th.
LONDONDERRY.—July 20th.

BRIGADIER COLLIER

will visit.

ST. JOHN 111.—July 12th.
ST. JOHN 1.—July 14th.
ST. JOHN 11.—July 18th.
ST. JOHN 1.—July 19th.
ST. JOHN 1.—July 21st to 23rd.
MONCTON.—July 24th and 25th.
HILLSBORO.—July 26th.
YARMOUTH.—July 31st, Aug. 1st.

BRIGADIER MOREHEN

will visit.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—July 10th, 11th.
SUMMERSIDE.—July 12th.
CHARLOTTETOWN.—July 13th.
HALIFAX 1.—July 18th.
HALIFAX 11.—July 20th.
HALIFAX 111.—July 22nd.

BRIGADIER ABBY

THE SINGING EVANGELIST.

will visit.

PETERBORO.—July 6 to 19.
PERTH.—July 20 to 29.
SMITH'S FALLS.—July 30 to Aug. 8.

MAJOR HAY

will conduct Camp Meetings at
Palmerston—July 31st, to August 5th.
Guelph, August 7th, to 15th.

MAJOR SIMCO

will visit.

London 1.—July 14th to 27th.
Stratford.—July 3rd, to August 10th.

MAJOR McLEAN

will visit.

American Soc.—July 10th.
American Soc.—Sunday Morning, July
11th.
Canadian Soc.—Afternoon and Even-
ing, July 11th, and July 12th.
Orillia.—July 18th to 18th.
Huntsville.—July 17th to 18th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN BLOSS

Chancellor of the East Ont. Province,
will visit
Tweed.—July 10th and 11th.
Campbellton.—July 12th.
Trenton.—July 13th.